

SPECIAL **FLYING SAUCER** ISSUE! . . . See Page 4

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OCTOBER

1957 VOL. 31 NO. 10

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By Oliver P. Ferrell

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BY THE EDITOR

• This is an exceptional issue of *Amazing Stories* in that it contains a special supplement dealing with UFO, commonly referred to as Flying Saucers. Through the years, *Amazing* has earned the reputation of publishing the best science fiction in the field and, has remained true to the fiction medium.

But with the saucer enigma usurping public interest it seemed entirely pertinent that we look into the proposition with an eye to grouping the pros and cons and attempting to arrive at some sane answer. This of course, will be quite a trick if we can do it, and our procedure is somewhat in the nature of a forum. The writers appearing, represent viewpoints widely diversified—sometimes violently so—and we have given them a free hand, editing their copy with an eye only on grammatical errors as some of the boys don't spell very well.

But sincerity rings out in every word and we're pretty sure of two things: First, after you have passed judgment on each of the articles in the special supplement, you'll have a broad foundation for your own decision.

And second, you fiction lovers will feel right at home, because some of these articles sound more like fiction than the two fine stories you'll find in the front of the book.

And one more word—next month, *Amazing Stories* will be back to normal, 130 pages of the best in the field. PWF

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Editorial and Executive Offices
366 Madison Avenue
New York 17, New York

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IF THESE BE GODS

By GORDON JAVLYN

"Saucer Hits Airliner—30 Killed!" We've yet to read this headline in the nation's press but perhaps it isn't far off. Here's a story on that theme by a brilliant new writer as vital as Today—as thrilling as Tomorrow.

FLIGHT One-Oh-Six, Inter-Sky Airlines, New York to Los Angeles, was a DC 7b with twenty-odd thousand hours logged flight time. She was due for another thousand hour check at Los Angeles, when she got there, and on this mild Summer morning while she sat at the head of Runway Two at La Guardia, her engines running up for takeoff, no one knew she would never make it.

Her captain was Duffy Scott, a stocky, white-haired, weather-tanned little man with deep creases around his eyes, machine gun scars on one leg, eyes as pale as glacier



They saw technical



miracles that made Earth science seem primitive.

ice, and flight time that included Curtiss P-6E's. He had just put down the instrument test checklist, with its scarlet ISA logotype in the upper lefthand corner, and he was reflecting, as he always did at this time, on what time had done to what had once been a bold and venturesome trade.

When Duffy Scott had been a young daredevil fresh out of Kelly Field, ISA had been *Interstate Airways*; a company operating largely out of its founder's battered hat, with its corporate assets tied up in two sheet-iron Ford trimotors and a schedule calling for regular flights between Newark and Boston.

Somewhere along the line, the Fords had been replaced. Sometime during the '30s, the founder had sold out to a board of directors. The offices had moved into their own building in downtown New York, and the schedule had grown. Sometime during World War II, it had become necessary to torture syntax into providing a new name to fit the initials. And somewhere between 1925 and 1958, Duffy Scott had lost that bright Kelly Field gleam and turned into a settled, leathery man who didn't even very much mind drawing a monotonously regular pay-

check for wheeling a four-motored passenger train over the same ribbon of sky for month after month after year.

Except that he sometimes grew a little more withdrawn than usual, and stared unseeingly over the barricade of instruments in his cockpit and wished that something — something not too serious — would come along to jolt his routine just a little.

The co-pilot was a slim young man with a butch haircut. His name was Sammy Walters. He showed no signs of having any nerves in his system at all, and he was thinking about a girl.

The flight engineer was a tall man named Paul Holloway, who had learned his trade in the Army Air Corps after coming off a Kansas farm. He was inclined toward being a lone wolf, and even though he had been in one ISA crew or another for eight years, no one knew him very well. He was incessantly reading technical magazines and engineering journals, and these seemed to take up a major part of his off time. He was remarked upon as being a man who neither smoked nor drank, nor, even though he was almost as handsome as pilots were sup-

posed to be, paid any attention whatsoever to women. At the moment he was making his first plots on the fuel consumption graph, and mildly regretting not having stayed in the Air Force, now that the rocket program was really showing signs of coming to a head.

"Green light, Duff," the copilot said to the captain.

Duffy Scott released the wheel brakes. Sammy Walters advanced the throttles, and the aircraft began to roll. It gathered speed into the wind, and at 9:10 A.M., Wednesday, August 27, 1958, *Inter-Sky Airlines* Flight 106 left the ground for the last time.

The passenger list was small—down to the point where ISA was losing money on the flight. All the airlines were having a touch of that trouble this Summer. There had been a run of crashes in June and July. Most of them had been billed as "mysterious" by the newspapers. The Civil Aeronautics Board inspectors had gone to work and patiently pinned down the various causes, but their findings inevitably were released long after the crashes were dead as news, and therefore new "mysterious" crashes continued to appear on

Page One while the various explanations for the old ones ran back among the discount house advertisements.

It was also a peak Summer for flying saucer sightings, and the two factors inevitably became connected in the public mind. There was talk of doing something about the interplanetary menace in the air. Airline public relations firms worked hard to knock it down, but air travel fell off nevertheless.

Airline personnel went on about the business of working at their trade. The industry was big enough, and the true percentage of accidents was small enough, so that very few of them actually knew or had heard of the crewmen in the downed aircraft. Accidents were something that happened, that usually happened in bunches for no good reason, and that would inevitably stop happening as unaccountably as they began. Meanwhile, flight like ISA 106 ran very light.

Inter-Sky Airlines would never have assigned as big an aircraft as a DC 7b to Flight 106 if ISA's main shops had not been at Los Angeles and if the plane weren't due for a check. ISA *had* managed to wangle through an agreement with the aircrew union and

assign only one passenger attendant to the flight. This was Sue Painter—a black-haired, willowy girl with pleasant features who was debating marrying a junior executive at the Los Angeles offices of a TV network, and who sometimes wondered, though not seriously, if she shouldn't quit flying and try getting into the movies.

She might, or she might not, have made it—she was attractive without being beautiful, and she was good to look at without having a spectacular body. She had only an average potential as an actress. She was probably ISA's best passenger attendant.

Now that 106 was airborne and on course, she came down the aisle to check on her passengers. She was faced with the problem of making a handful of people feel at home in the face of scores of empty seats. She expected to solve the problem, even though most of the passengers were presently scattered far apart, and she set about doing so. She had already memorized the passenger list and matched names to faces when she checked seat belts back at La Guardia. Now she came to the first occupied seat and bent over it.

"Everything all right, Mrs. Elston?" she smiled at the worried, gray-haired woman who sat stiffly upright, her swollen ankles pinched by the high tops of her black leather shoes. "Here—let me open your seat belt for you. It's quite all right now—we're well off the ground."

Mrs. Elston looked quickly down at her lap. "Oh, I'm sorry—I forgot." She smiled wanly at Sue Painter as though she didn't expect to be believed when she said: "I'm not nervous about flying, really. I was just thinking of something else." Her eyes, under the rim of her plain dark bonnet, suddenly filled with tears which did not quite run down her furrowed cheeks. With a perceptible shock, Sue Painter realized that Mrs. Elston was even much older than she had seemed—or perhaps she only appeared to be.

"You see," Mrs. Elston said in a soft voice, "I'm going to attend my only child's funeral. I'm a widow, and Thomas was all the family I had. His company sent him to Los Angeles a year ago, and he died of a heart attack last night." She sank back as Sue Painter gently opened the belt and folded the two halves

out of the way. "I always have been afraid of flying," she sighed. "But I'm not afraid anymore. I've outlived a fine husband and a wonderful son. It's hard to understand—a strong, robust man like my Joseph was, dying in his prime, and now Thomas. . . . It's more than I can puzzle out. I've never been a particularly strong person. I only had one child . . . the doctors told me I couldn't have any more after Thomas . . . and yet—I'm alive, and they're gone. I wouldn't be afraid if we crashed, Miss." She turned her face toward the window, and looked out at the dazzlingly bright southern horizon. Her lips quivered, and she put a crumpled white handkerchief to her cheeks. "I—I might even welcome it," she whispered.

"There now, Mrs. Elston," Sue Painter said, "I've been flying for five years, over three hundred thousand miles. And I've never been in a plane that had so much trouble as a burned-out light bulb." She realized as she said it that she might have thought of something better than Set Speech #38, but Mrs. Elston had touched her so deeply that her presence of mind had been completely destroyed.

Mrs. Elston hadn't taken it the wrong way. She turned back from the window and put the handkerchief away in her patent leather handbag. She smiled up at Sue in the same wan fashion she had before.

"I'm sorry, Miss. I know it embarrasses people to have me talk that way. There isn't anything you can say to a person who wants to die, is there? People don't want to die. Not young people. Not a pretty girl like you. They don't have any way of coming to grips with a person who feels the way I do. To tell you the truth, I'm a little bit bewildered myself." She reached out and patted Sue's hand. "But don't you worry about me. I'll be all right."

Sue Painter said something—she scarcely heard herself, and could not remember a moment later, what it was—and moved on to the next passenger. It had been her thought, when she began her tour of the cabin, to find out enough about each passenger so that she could introduce those with kindred interests to each other. Who could she introduce to Mrs. Elston?

She wanted desperately to do *something*—to somehow help fill the grieving void in

Mrs. Elston's life. But there was nothing she could think of. Mrs. Elston's life was behind her. There was no time left in it for anything new. Young Sue Painter thought how terrible it was to live so close to dying.

The next passenger was a smallish man in a salt-and-pepper sharkskin double breasted suit; he wore his jacket unbuttoned, revealing a matching vest with a watch-chain that crossed his little potbelly. He had gray-black hair, receding from his temples to the back of his skull but still growing from the center of his forehead and the sides of his head. It was brushed straight back, in a carefully groomed trident, and, together with the thin little mustache and the tortoise-shell glasses, gave Mr. Percival Guild the appearance of a small town chamber of commerce president.

Sue Painter had regained her customary composure. "Everything all right, Mr. Guild? Can I get you something?"

Percival Guild smiled up mechanically. "Quite all right, young lady, thank you. There is one thing—would you get me a deck of cards and a lap-board, please."

"Of course, Mr. Guild. Would you like me to find some partners for you among the passengers? You could play in the lounge—it's quite comfortable."

"No, thank you," Percival Guild said definitely. "I never play with partners. I prefer solitaire."

Percival Guild played solitaire incessantly. Unlike most solitaire players, he never varied his games. He had learned Canfield as a boy, from an uncle who was his guardian and who had died some time ago in a sanatorium. Percival Guild had lived within himself since the age of sixteen, and never played any form of cards except Canfield. He was married to a woman he scarcely noticed, and had three children he left entirely in his wife's care. Once he had stayed up two days and three nights in succession, alone in a hotel room in Minneapolis, dealing out hand after hand of Canfield. At the end of the third night, his eyes red-rimmed and his back one great aching mass, he had slipped out of the hotel, walked fourteen blocks, and there, in another hotel where he did not inquire at the desk but simply stepped into an elevator, he had cut the throat of a rival salesman

who was about to win over his best account. Then he had left the same way he came, gone back to his own hotel, and begun dealing Canfield once more, waiting for the police. But, somehow, the police never came. For ten years, Percival Guild had been traveling his territories, advancing in his company, moving his family to ever better residential areas, playing Canfield, and waiting for the Minneapolis police to solve a ten-year-old murder. With the passage of time, he had begun to give up hope. But he knew there was Justice. He knew there was no way of cheating the natural order of things without losing all the savor of the game of life. If the ten years of success he had gained by cheating were not to be turned to ashes in his mouth, then somewhere, sometime, he must pay. He would pay gladly, because then all his present success would have been fairly earned.

It was all quite logical to Percival Guild. Everywhere he went, he waited for the Minneapolis police—or for any other personification of Justice. Always, just around the corner, Percival Guild expected to have an appointment with Destiny.

"Of course, Mr. Guild," Sue Painter said. "I'll bring you your cards right away."

"Thank you, Miss," Percival Guild said grimly.

In the forward cabin, Sammy Walters reached up and pushed his headphones more firmly against his ears. He listened for a moment, acknowledged, and tapped Duffy Scott's shoulder.

"Chicago states Distant Early Warning radar's picked up a flock of blips coming over the Pole, on course to pass over Indiana right about the time we'll be there. Wants us to report if we see anything."

Duffy Scott nodded. It was the most routine of messages. DEW was always picking up stray blips and ghost images, most of which were born in the Aurora Borealis. Even assuming the blips were Unfriendlies or something else actually tangible, the various Air Force Fighter Interceptor Commands would have checked them out long before ISA Flight 106 crossed their projected path. In all of Duffy Scott's experience, none of these advisory bulletins had ever panned out. No one expected them to. They were put on the air just in case. If by any chance something from

over the Pole got as far as Indiana, it would already be much too late to do anything about it.

Of course, Duffy Scott thought to himself, there was no real reason why those blips couldn't be the start of World War III. No real reason, except that he didn't believe it. Even though he had gotten the news of Pearl Harbor while pushing a DC 3 over the Andes on a day every bit as peaceful as this, it was impossible to think that he, himself, of all the pilots in the air today, should become personally involved in anything so dramatic. The odds were enormously against it.

Still, *somebody* always had to be it. In the back of his mind, he felt the merest trace of tingling anticipation. Sure! he thought violently— Let's get the world blown up just to give me a thrill!

The anticipation disappeared, buried under common sense. ISA 106 droned westward, an hour and a half away from Indianapolis.

Mike Hogan had been first aboard the plane at La Guardia. He had picked a seat next to a window, buckled his seat belt, leaned back, crossed his long legs, and gone to sleep. Fifteen minutes later, when

Sue Painter spoke to Percival Guild two rows behind him, he came easily awake, stretched, slipped off the belt, and lit a cigarette. He was in the habit of cat-napping, like any healthy animal, whenever he had nothing else to do. Now he felt refreshed and alive, in spite of the fact that his only other sleep in the past twenty-four hours had been a similar nap in the cab that took him straight from Winslow Dennison's cocktail party to the airport.

He thought about Dennison now, and grimaced. Dennison was the New York publicity director for A-J TV Inc., a video film series syndication company, and he had held the party as a kickoff for a campaign plugging A-J's newest product: *The Adventures of Ash Holcomb*. The series was built around a medium-clever idea; the hero was the son of Doctor Luther Holcomb, scientific genius. Dr. Holcomb supposedly had a time machine, through which his handsome, muscular son could travel to have adventures in any era, past, future, or, without the machine but with other gadgets, the present. Thus, *The Adventures of Ash Holcomb* could become a western, crime, historical, or science fiction series at any

moment, depending on the latest trend, and the invincible Ash could slaughter villains and make love to beautiful women in four formats.

Mike Hogan, until two years ago, had been an ex-naval officer who had had his fill of discipline. After the Second World War he had resigned his commission, bought a car and trailer with his saved back pay, and gone where he pleased, working as a high steel construction gang foreman, a high tension line-man, or an oil driller whenever his money ran out. Before the war he had been all these things, as well as a dozen more like them. He was a broad shouldered, hard-jawed, solidly competent man with work scars on his hands, and at the moment his black hair was bleached platinum white.

Two years ago, Mike Hogan had been bossing an oil gang in Oklahoma. He had been at it for six months, and there was money in his bank account. He was ready to quit and move on.

It had happened that a movie location crew was set up in the area, getting background shots for a new two-fisted vehicle starring one of the big masculine box-office names. It had happened that

the second unit director noticed Mike Hogan, and thought to himself that the studio had been having a great deal of trouble keeping the star in line. It had happened that the director, and the producer, saw their opportunity to help themselves with the studio.

So, Mike Hogan had come to Hollywood under contract to the director and the producer, and had actually made one low-budget picture. He turned out to have a reasonable amount of talent, and enough attraction to worry the box-office king a little. The box-office king signed his new contract without as much trouble as he had been planning to make. The studio then saw no reason to keep a third string substitute on its payroll, and Mike Hogan never made a Hollywood picture again.

But it had happened that Mike Hogan liked the freedom of not working from nine to five every day, six days a week, fifty-two weeks a year. Perhaps something had happened to him when he saw his name on a major studio credit. And the producer and director still held his personal contract. It happened that the producer had

a connection with a TV film outfit. It happened that A-J TV needed somebody to play Ash Holcomb.

So it happened that Mike Hogan had his hair bleached, and his name changed to Lance Shawnee, and had flown to New York for Winslow Dennison's cocktail party, and now was flying back to make more Ash Holcomb episodes.

And it happened that Mike Hogan was already sick of dry Martinis and account executives. It happened that Mike Hogan was restless again, and worried that he would run to nerves and hangovers, and lose the fine control of his skills that were his pride and his freedom. He was trapped by his contracts, and beginning to feel the trap of having more money than he knew how to handle. He wanted to let the peroxide grow out of his hair, and clamber up a web of quivering steel into the clean wind that whips through the towers men build upon their Earth. He had begun looking for something, some lucky chance, that would let him escape.

It was only after he heard the flight attendant speaking to someone in the seat next

to him that he realized he, of all the few passengers in the aircraft, was not sitting alone.

"Everything all right, Mr. Tolliver?"

"Let me assure you, Miss, everything will be fine. There is absolutely no danger with me aboard."

Mike Hogan looked curiously at his fellow passenger.

Mr. Tolliver was a gaunt, bald man with rimless eyeglasses. He wore a blue serge suit and carried a book in his lap. It was turned over to the back jacket, and the photograph reproduced there showed Mr. Tolliver, in the same suit, gravely holding a pipe and fingering a celestial globe on the desktop in front of him.

Mr. Tolliver was holding the book in such a manner that his fingers did not obscure the picture. To do that, he had to place his hand so the spine, with its title, was hidden from Mike Hogan's curious glance.

"I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Tolliver?" the bewildered flight attendant was saying. Mike Hogan had time to see she was a pleasantly attractive girl. He liked her instantly, and hoped she wasn't going to have too bad a time with Mr. Tolliver.

Mr. Tolliver smiled benignly up at her. "I know all you aviation people"—he pronounced it *aa*-viation—"are greatly worried about the crashes. I can assure you the spacemen will do nothing to harm this aircraft. You see, I am one of their chosen people." His hand, as though accidentally, turned the book over. The front jacket showed a bell-shaped flying saucer hovering over a pastoral countryside, with classic Grecian buildings visible in the background, lightly dressed, golden-skinned people in the foreground, and alien vegetation growing in the middle distance. The title was *I Have Been To Venus*, by Lemuel Tolliver.

"Oh, I see," the flight attendant said. Fast on the uptake, Mike Hogan thought to himself. Very fast. Now she was smiling brightly at Lemuel Tolliver. "Well, Mr. Tolliver, I'm very glad you're aboard. We don't often have important authors with us."

"Oh, I'm not an author, Miss. That is, not in the usual sense. This book—" He caressed the jacket with his fingertips. "This book is only one means of bringing the spacemen's message to the people of this frightened world. I am on my way now

to California to deliver a series of lectures—to address people who are willing to believe that there are things in the sky no one can explain, and to tell them that there is a better world, and a better way of life."

"Of course, Mr. Tolliver. I wish you lots of success." The flight attendant smiled again. "Is there anything I can get you? Some magazines to read?"

Lemuel Tolliver shook his head. "No, thank you, Miss. I'm quite content, thank you."

"All right." She turned to Mike Hogan. "Is there something I can get you, Mr. Shawnee?"

Mike Hogan saw her eyes widen a fraction as she noticed the bleach in his hair. He grinned at her. "No thanks. I'll come back to the lounge later, if you've got some honest bourbon in stock. But I'm fine for now." He let his eyes linger on her blouse, and gave the grin a touch of a special twist. He had already learned that men with peroxidized hair had best do that. The difficulty lay in making his interest obvious without being offensive. It was one more tightrope he was sick of walking, even though this fresh-faced girl

was the first woman he'd met since he took the part who made him care whether he succeeded or not.

"We have all kinds of beverages, Mr. Shawnee. ISA does its best to assure a happy trip," the flight attendant said with her well-trained smile, and went down the aisle to see to the last passenger.

Sammy Walters tapped Duffy Scott's sleeve again. "Got some more on those blips. Chicago says they're still on course, altitude maybe eighty thousand, speed about 1000 but erratic." His voice grew a little puzzled. "They didn't sound worried about it."

"Fifteen miles is a lot of altitude, Sammy," Scott explained patiently. "Nobody's got an operational production bomber that'll go it. It *might* be missiles, but a thousand miles an hour is mighty slow for something like that. That's less than a third of a mile per second. It still might be, if they were hanging at the top of a trajectory and getting ready to come down, but then their speed would be increasing constantly, instead of jumping around. They might be correcting trajectories, which would ac-

count for *that*, but then they wouldn't be maintaining a constant course. So the only thing that fits the description would be a flock of ghost blips. Radar'll do that, sometimes—take a funny bounce, or distort, or just plain see something that isn't there. One thing's sure — those blips'll peter out the same way they showed up, and nobody'll ever be able to explain it definitely. It happens pretty often, and whenever one of these crackpots hears about it, there's another flying saucer for you."

"But Chicago still wants us to look."

Duffy Scott sighed. He was sighing for a number things, and, though he did not quite know it, one of the things was his constant refusal to make an adventure of this opportunity. "Chicago wants us to look because the DEW operators have the blips logged, and the word is in to Washington, and the word is back out from Washington to the Fighter Commands, and from the Fighter Commands to the CAB, and the CAB has sent the word to Chicago, and that's why Chicago still wants us to look." He stared out over the distances that stretched beyond the starboard wing. "Pittsburgh," he said.

"That makes us about an hour out of Indianapolis. In about an hour, you can start looking. Because Chicago sent me the word, and I'm giving the word to you. That makes it a good long chain of command—which ought to prove that you can have a good long chain without it being attached to anything."

Paul Holloway, the Flight Engineer, sitting within easy hearing distance of Duffy Scott and Sammy Walters, almost said something. He opened his lips, and made the wet click people make when they begin to speak. But he caught himself, and the steady roar of the propellers covered the slight sound so that neither the captain nor co-pilot heard it.

Words were brimming inside Paul Holloway, as words often did. Like every man who devotes a great deal of time to silent thinking, Paul Holloway had chewed on a great many subjects and arrived at opinions on them. When those subjects were raised by someone else in his hearing, everything he had ever thought or decided on the subject came pouring into the forefront of his mind. That is why, if a silent man can only be started talking,

an astonishing flood of words spills out of him.

But, curiously, this can rarely be done when the subject is very important to the man. The man is silent to begin with because he fears no one will listen, or care. If the subject is one he has spent a long time with, his deductions and conclusions become so personalized, so individual—or so it seems to him—that they could not help but be faintly ridiculous to anyone else.

So Paul Holloway almost said something to Duffy Scott, but stopped. It had been the way Duffy said 'flying saucers' that cued him, and it had been the same tone of voice that had stopped him.

Paul Holloway knew he lived on a world that was only one rolling ball on the shore of a sea of stars. Most people are willing to admit the fact. Paul Holloway *knew* it. When he looked at the sky in the night, he was not looking up. He was looking out—out into the depths of the limitless ocean, where other worlds must be, with other peoples. He had carried his knowledge further; he knew that someone out there must be capable of navigating space. To have things be any other way was to have them violate all laws

of probability. To think that out of all those stars, with all these planets, not one race had spaceships—that, for Paul Holloway, was unthinkable.

He had no proof of this. He needed none. He had no proof that Mankind was the only intelligent life in the universe, either, and of the two unproven alternatives he believed the more logical one.

The thought that Man was not supreme—that Paul Holloway was not supreme—did not frighten or repel him. It made him less lonely. When he stared silently out of a control cabin window and spoke to no one, he was not withdrawing. He was going out.

He had never seen a flying saucer or anything else vaguely like one. He had no idea of whether flying saucers existed, or, if they did, where they might come from. Paul Holloway needed no tangible proofs. He had faith.

He busied himself with his fuel flowmeter and consumption graphs. He watched his instruments, read the messages they gave him, and acted in accordance. Because he was not a friendly man, his fellow crew members had only his work for a basis on which to judge him. He did

that work perfectly and singlemindedly, but now his professional attention was lessened by one small fraction of a degree. Just the littlest bit, Paul Holloway was wishing Duffy Scott would get his nose rubbed in flying saucers—in the biggest, most startling squadron of alien spaceships that ever raced across Terrestrial skies.

The last passenger was a portly man in a tweed suit. He had a beefy red face, curly iron-gray hair with patches of pink scalp shining through it, and was smoking a cigar. His name was Blake Huntingford—William Blake Huntingford, actually, but that had been dropped before his senior year at Harvard—and he was a Washington newspaper columnist at the moment. He had been machine-gunned at Cambrai, in the first large tank battle in history, and gone on to wipe out one of Von Hindenburg's mortar squads in spite of it. He had been on the wrong side in the Spanish Civil War, and he had stood in the cold surf at Dunkirk with a wounded man on each arm. He had hitched a ride in a Liberator to cover a Ploesti air strike, after he'd found no army would take him any

more except as a correspondent, and he'd had to jump out over Yugoslavia after the scientifically designed Davis wing on the B-24 wrapped itself around the fuselage. He had spent the rest of the war first in a prison camp and then in a ZI hospital. He'd missed the Pacific war entirely, and he'd gone to Korea first, when that began, and gotten his newspaper accreditation second, after he'd already been shot once. He was lucky at that.

He liked to go to war with an Abercrombie and Fitch rucksack full of clean underwear, and Bols gin in orange earthenware bottles; he hated getting dirty, and, though he didn't care one way or another about liquor, he felt people expected a correspondent to be a source of supply. He had three four-star generals for friends, and two for deadly enemies. He was a pudgy, eccentric, mildly vain man who had no idea of what fear might feel like. He was on his way to Beverly Hills to see his children by his fourth wife, and then he was planning to go on to Hong Kong and see if he couldn't drift into China and take a look around. He had once fired a shot that had almost killed Duffy Scott, in an old war

nobody remembered, but neither of them knew it.

At the moment, he had a bad headache, and was wondering how long it would last. The violent pain was blurring his vision, and he knuckled his right eye impatiently.

"Comfortable, Mr. Huntingford?" the pretty young flight attendant was asking him.

He looked up at her through a mist of pain, and squinted to bring her features into focus. Quite a pretty girl, he confirmed. Most men wouldn't think her as attractive as she really is—but then, most men haven't had my experience.

The flash of wry vanity made him smile at himself, and at the girl as well. "Tip-top," he said heartily in the thick Cambridge accent he had acquired some time around 1925 and scrupulously maintained ever since. He saw no point in mentioning the headache—he could barely bring himself to believe in using antibiotics, much less aspirin—and, besides, a headache was a ridiculous malady for a man who had been shot, starved, frostbitten, beaten by prison camp guards on occasion, and who could expect more of the same for

the rest of his life. He held up his cigar and said: "I hope this is all right. I know anything besides cigarettes is against regulations, but I thought, being able to sit away from anyone else the way I am, you wouldn't mind?"

"That's quite all right, Mr. Huntingford." Sue Painter suddenly peered at him for a closer look. He was staring at the end of the cigar, wide-eyed, and he had suddenly gone pale. "Is anything wrong?"

He shook his head. "No—no, thank you, Miss," he said hastily. "I was just . . . thinking of something."

The answer he gave her was automatic and instinctive. It had always been his first reaction to refuse help.

It had happened while he watched. First the glowing orange end of the cigar had been outlined in a growing halo of murkiness, like oil smoke. Then the pall had spread, until the orange glow was the only dim light filtering through it. The seat in front of him, the side of the fuselage, even his hand, had all been lost in the swelling mist. Then even the last spark had wavered out, and it was as though he sat in a room

full of dark, impenetrable fog.

He brought the cigar to his lips with a halting gesture, and drew on it. Hot smoke burned at his tongue, but no bright gleam of fire came to life before his eyes. He rubbed his hand over his face, and blinked, rubbed his face again.

"Are you sure everything's all right, Mr. Huntingford?"

He smiled up at the voice. "Quite fine, Miss. As a matter of fact, I did have a slight headache, but it seems to be gone, now. Wonderful things, these pressurized cabins."

He reached toward the ash-tray, keeping his arm steady and purposeful. Luckily, he had remembered exactly where it was—when his fingertips touched cold curved metal, he almost sighed. He stubbed out the cigar. Even though it had hardly been smoked at all, he'd immediately become worried that it might be near burning his fingers.

The flight attendant had gone back up the aisle. Blake Huntingford sat with his hands in his lap, thinking:

It's bound to clear up again. In a little while, the pressure or whatever it was that did it will change, and it'll clear up again. I'll stop by at a doctor's

in Los Angeles and have myself checked over, just in case, but it can't be anything serious. It'll clear up again.

He sat quite still, hands in his lap, staring into the fog, waiting for it to clear.

In the control cabin, Sammy Walters chewed his lower lip and tapped Duffy Scott's shoulder again. "We're going to overhead the Indians state line in about five minutes. Want me to start looking now?"

Duffy Scott sighed again. "Anything you want, Sammy."

"If you don't think it's worth bothering, I won't."

"You do what you want, Sammy."

"Damn it, you're the captain. Do you want me to start looking?"

"All right, all right—I'm the captain. Start looking."

Mike Hogan looked over at Lemuel Tolliver, who still held the book jacket-uppermost. "Planning to read it over on the flight, were you?" he asked gently.

Lemuel Tolliver looked down quickly. "Why—why, no."

"You just carry it."

Lemuel Tolliver's watery blue eyes grew stormy behind

the clear shells of his rimless glasses. "That's correct, Mr.—ah, Shawnee, was it?"

"Hogan. Michael Faraday Hogan. My father was an engineer." My brother drives a hack, he added to himself. My sister takes in washing, and the baby balls the jack. And it looks like I'm never gonna cease my wanderin'. He began to hum, silently in his mind, and almost hummed the next thing he said to Mr. Tolliver: "You wrote it, so you don't have to read it. But you always carry a copy, hmm? It's different, I must say."

Now why should I want to needle this eccentric old man? he thought to himself. If he wants to say he's been to Venus and been buddies with some nice gold-skinned Venerians who all talk like church elders, why should I mind? He's not bothering me.

The hell he isn't! he thought immediately afterward. He sticks that book in people's faces to make them think he's important, and he spreads his pap to satisfy the people who want their troubles solved for them. Saucers, nothing! Those are pie plates. Pie in the sky, from the Sweet By-And-By, and Lemuel Tolliver cuts it to the customer's taste.

Come on, Hogan—face it.

You don't know what to think.

"That is correct, Mr. Hogan," Lemuel Tolliver said again. "I take copies with me wherever I go, in the hope that I will interest someone in their content." He was obviously angry at Hogan, but was also obviously doing his best to hide it. "I would like to know—I would like to know, Mr. Hogan, if you are so sure of everything that you can say the spacemen's message has no meaning for you?"

"I wouldn't know. I don't know what they're selling."

"They are selling Love, Mr. Hogan. Brotherly love, and the spiritual kinship of all The Creator Spirit's children. They are selling peace, and good will, and a better life than we misguided inhabitants of this sin-ridden world can dream of. In this book, I am trying to pass on to the world a message of hope and understanding. I was honored beyond measure when they came to my farm and chose me to be their instrument. I shall devote the remainder of my life to awakening Mankind. In this book, I describe their world, which we mistakenly call Venus, and the wonders of living in accord with The

Creator Spirit. Think of how marvelous it would be if this world were to be free of war, of pestilence and famine—of avarice, and drunkenness, and drug-taking, and lechery."

Mike Hogan was humming again. "There ain't no sickness, no toil and trouble, in that fair land to which you go?"

"Exactly, Mr. Hogan. In spite of your outward mockery, I think you might well profit from reading this book." He pushed it into Mike Hogan's hands.

Hogan raised his eyebrows. "Well, maybe." He turned it over a few times. "All right." What the hell. "I'll read it later."

"As you wish, Mr. Hogan. That will be three dollars and fifty cents, please."

"What!"

"Three dollars and fifty cents," Lemuel Tolliver repeated firmly. "The retail price is clearly marked on the flyleaf."

"Now, wait a minute . . . I've gotten a book or two from a writer before. I'll be damned if I'll pay for an author's free copy."

"My dear Mr. Hogan, that is not an author's free copy. My publisher's contract allows me a twenty-five percent

royalty on each copy sold, that is true, but in return it was necessary for me to underwrite the costs of printing and binding. The publication of this book required my life's savings, and I was forced to mortgage my farm to purchase the edition after my publisher informed me it had not sold well and would be scrapped for waste paper."

"You never went to any recognized publisher, Mr. Tolliver."

"I went to whoever was willing to publish this message at all. Now I can regain my money only by selling the book myself. That will be three dollars and fifty cents, please."

Hogan's mouth twisted in a wry grin. He hunched forward in the seat and fished his wallet out of his hip pocket. He handed Mr. Tolliver four ones, and Mr. Tolliver scrupulously counted a quarter, two dimes and five pennies out of a snap-latch black purse.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Hogan. I'm sure you'll profit by your reading. You'll find I've autographed the flyleaf, incidentally."

Hogan opened the book, and read: "To another willing listener to the message from

Lhuanna, with best regards, Lemuel Tolliver."

"Lhuanna," Mike Hogan said.

"That is the true name for the world we call Venus," Mr. Tolliver explained.

Hogan twisted around in his seat so he could look Mr. Tolliver squarely in the face. "Did you deliberately sit next to me so you could sell me this book?"

Mr. Tolliver did not answer. He ignored Mike Hogan and sat facing forward, his shoulders stiff and his withered fingers looking strangely empty in his lap.

"A lot of good this is doing me," Sammy Walters grumbled in the control compartment. ISA 106 was boring steadily through patchy overcast. Sammy could see the airspace under the clouds only in disconnected fragments. The high sun reflecting off the upturned faces of the clouds made him squint and blink, even behind his sage green glasses, and almost anything might have been in the air at or above their own level. Still, he kept looking, facing out toward the right, looking northward in the direction of the faraway Pole.

Duffy Scott snorted and kept his eyes on the instruments, as good pilots did. The

day when aircraft were flown the way automobiles are driven was long past. A pilot on course, following his flight plan at his assigned altitude, might look through his wind-screen once in ten minutes. The remainder of the time he paid strict attention to his hundreds of instrument dials, which were there to tell him whether he was going to stay in the air or not.

Paul Holloway had his own instruments to pay attention to. He was barely aware of what Sammy Walters was doing. The subject of alien spaceships had drifted back into its compartment in his mind, where it belonged while he tended the gauges that told him how long the plane was going to stay in the air. His actions were automatic.

Sue Painter frowned unhappily as she watched the water bubble up through the top half of the Silex. She couldn't remember ever working a flight as weird as this one. First poor Mrs. Elston, who wanted to die, and then Mr. Tolliver, who had written that book about Venus. And that rugged-looking Lance Shawnee, with the bleached hair. Lance Shawnee! She was going to find out about that phony name and the dye

job if it was the last thing she did on this flight.

Sue Painter wondered if he wasn't running from the police, or something. She was grateful for Mr. Huntingford, who looked like he might be able to handle trouble, and for Mr. Guild, who looked like a sensible man even if he was so stuffy.

She turned off the burner under the Silex and let the coffee start trickling down. She began making up luncheon trays, wishing she wasn't so nervous. There was no real reason for feeling that way—it was just that on a flight that felt as funny as this one, you half expected something to happen.

Percival Guild looked down at the board. Everything was laid out, except for the three cards he held in his hand. Now, if the bottom card was the nine of clubs, then the eight of hearts and seven of spades ought to be behind it, in that order. He might be wrong. He might lose.

He turned the three cards over. The bottom card had been the nine, with the eight and seven behind it. He nodded with satisfaction, laid them down in their proper places even though there was no real need to, and methodi-

cally moved the cards in each suit, in proper order, onto their proper ace. Though, of course, there was no real need to do that, either. It was just that, in moving them, he might still make a mistake and thus lose the game.

He made no mistakes, but this way he had given his invisible opponent the benefit of every possible doubt. He picked up the cards and began to shuffle them carefully. He looked up for a moment, out through his window. Birds, he thought to himself, and bent his head to watch his shuffling.

Two seats in front of Percival Guild, Mike Hogan nudged Lemuel Tolliver and pointed. "Hey—look at *that*!"

Lemuel Tolliver bent sideways, across his lap, and craned his thin neck. "Nooo . . ."

Mrs. Elston sat looking at nothing. Blake Huntingford was doing the same.

Sammy Walters' thinking was conditioned by his training. Coming out of patch cloud, he thought. Won't ever see us in time. Flying line ahead—the first one's the only one with a chance to see us at all. Okay. He's pulling up. Maybe. . . . No! Damn that second man—didn't he

see his leader pull up? *Didn't* he see? What's the *matter* with a dumb knucklehead like that! "*Duff!*"

ISA 106's cabin was pressurized. When the spaceship's leading edge chopped into her, it was as though an axe had struck a vacuum bottle.

There were sixteen of the ships in all—four flights of four each, not that it mattered to ISA 106—and the wing commander *had* managed to pull up at the last moment and get clear. His wingman had almost made it, as well, but he had tried a banking turn instead of a straight pull up, for instinctive reasons that were irrevocably buried in the history of his childhood. It was a question of one man reacting one way to a situation, and succeeding, because he was the way he was, and of another man reacting another way, and failing. Even so, ISA 106 was not quite cut in two. She hung in the sky, still holding flying speed, though her back was broken and flying debris had seriously injured her port wing. Fire was licking back from her outboard engine nacelle, and an aileron was in the process of disintegrating. For another moment or two, she could fly, though the

cabin air had blown her passenger compartment out as cleanly as an artillery shell whirling up the barrel of a cannon.

The wing commander took it all in at a glance, already far beyond the collision scene. There was the native airliner, crabbing sideward from the shock, battered ragdolls trailing from the mortal gash in her silvery hide. Over there were the ships of his wing, scattered all over the sky in confusion. He looked for his wingman's ship, and found it; he muttered a relieved oath—it was flying, still airworthy. Whether it was still vacuum tight was another matter, but that could wait.

The wing commander spun his ship around its vertical axis, using maximum aperture on his perimeter jets. He cracked his fuel feed control open as far as it would go, and literally blazed across the sky to get back to the native aircraft. Something had to be done for those people. He prayed most of them were still alive.

And now, as he reversed course, the sound of high-speed atmospheric flight caught up with him. For three hours, his flight had been outrunning the noise of its own passage, as twelve

massive objects tore through the air, displacing more cubic feet of space than any lightning bolt ever spawned. It was as though an entire storm had saved its energy for one titanic bolt; as though a mountain of air had rushed to fill the emptiness it left, and, rushing, met another mountain head on.

The sound crashed against his ship, against the entire wing, against ISA 106. It echoed from the tortured ground below, and shook the air with fury. Raw, raging hammerblows lashed and raved above Indiana, and all of Hell's artillery could not have matched them.

Sue Painter had been sucked out of the service compartment and thrown out through the opening in the cabin. She had broken an arm on the edge of the service compartment door, but it was a clean simple fracture, and, given time, could heal perfectly.

Mrs. Elston had been plucked from her seat and cannoned free of the plane. Her purse followed her, knocking Lemuel Tolliver unconscious, and throwing his eyeglasses off his face. He shot out into the sky, spread-eagled and whirling. Mike Hogan followed him, pounded

by the seat backs over which the rushing air hurled him. Blake Huntingford knew only that something like a near-miss by a bomb had intruded on his darkness. Now he felt a great wind pulling at him, different from the one great gust that had whirled and battered him. He wondered if he might not be falling.

All of them were falling. The pressure difference between the cabin and the outside air, at ISA 106's altitude, had not been great enough to do them much physical damage. But all of them were falling.

Duffy Scott and Sammy Walters had been in their seats, which were designed to keep the pilots from being jounced about. Neither of them had his safety belt buckled, but the seat design resisted the storm of expanding air long enough to keep them near the controls. Both of them had been plucked up, finally, and thrown against the overhead instruments before they fell back. Blood was running from cuts in their heads; both of them were conscious, and both of them had their hands back on the controls. But they were falling, too.

Paul Holloway had been blown off his seat and out into

the passenger cabin. Before he could travel the long distance from the forward cabin, through the crew rest compartment, and up the length of the passenger cabin, the storm inside ISA 106 was dead. He lay in the aisle, sobbing a breath. He looked up, saw Percival Guild, and sobbed again, while he fell with the dying aircraft. Disorder was all about him.

Percival Guild, with his cardplayer's mind, had been the only passenger to sum up something of what had happened while it was still happening. A great many things went through his mind as he covered the short distance between his seat and the gash through which the raging air was pouring. Only he clearly heard the thunder that enveloped the airplane, and only he would have interpreted it as the sound of Doom.

He saw the jagged lips of torn metal, and saw that unless he floundered now, he would pass safely between them. Somehow, in that split second, he was able to arch his neck. He was able to smile. He was serene. There *was* credit and debit in the order of the universe. There was logic, precision . . . borrowing and repayment. The

Minneapolis police had come at last.

Percival Guild felt an enormous blow against his throat, and wondered that so sharp an edge could still hurt so much.

Duffy Scott hung grimly to the control yoke. 106 was trying desperately to fall off on one wing, and he fought all of her wounded weight with his arms and shoulders. He made an unintelligible sound at Sammy Walters, but the copilot was already cranking the trim tab controls, trying to compensate for the lost aileron. Somehow, one of them tripped the extinguisher controls on the burning engine, and the nacelle vanished in a cloud of carbon dioxide.

106 was shuddering, her tall section writhing. Her keel spar held, but was powerless to resist shearing forces. In another moment, 106 would snap apart into two unflyable masses of aircraft metal.

Duffy Scott knew it, and Sammy Walters knew it. But they went on trying. The Indianapolis field was only a few miles away. It might as well have been on another planet, but the thing to do was to keep trying. Sammy Walters feathered the propeller on the dead engine. Duffy

Scott called for practically no throttle on the two sound starboard engines, and full power on the one operating portside motor, in an attempt to turn 106 without throwing strain on her rudder. They lost speed sickeningly, and hundreds of feet of altitude, but that was just as well if they could do it without using the elevators. The starboard aileron was already set to push its wing down, to keep 106 level at all costs.

106 yawed, but refused to turn. The keel spar shrieked in agony. Duffy Scott bit through his lower lip.

"Listen—Sam: I'm going to try reversing pitch on one of the right-hand props. Get it to push, instead of pull. Maybe that'll turn us."

"Snap us in two."

Duffy Scott nodded in agony. "I know. I know. But maybe it won't."

They felt a jar under the port wingtip, and another under the starboard. They looked out.

The wing commander now worked frantically to coordinate his spaceship's controls. He had to balance a major portion of the native airliner's weight against the amount of engine power he could divert to the ducted

fans that kept his ship hovering, and at the same time match velocity and direction with the airliner. But it was working out. The hovering fans on the underside of his ship were whirling at a pace that would burn out their shaft bearings very soon, but they were meanwhile pressing his spaceship against the underside of one of the airliner's wings. At the other wingtip, another of the ships from his flight was doing the same. Now a third ship moved in under the airliner's nose, and formed the third leg of a stable supporting platform. At the same time, all three spaceships as a unit were matching the airliner's forward speed and sideward yaw.

It was fantastic airmanship, even for men who had been flying as a unit for years. But the wing commander felt no satisfaction from it. Equally bad airmanship had created this situation in the first place.

He still had no time to think about things for very long. He half stood in his seat and motioned frantically to the pair of natives in the airliner's control cabin. He hoped he would not have to resort to radio, and waste time trying to find their par-

ticular frequency. He sighed when one of the natives finally understood, and cut his power. Slowly, the airliner's propellers ran down to a stop. Gradually, the interlocked spaceships and airliner lost forward motion, and came to a hovering stop in the sky. Suddenly it was still as death, with only the high altitude wind moaning over the airliner's fuselage, and the sound of metal creaking came clearly through the hulls of all four craft. The airliner's tail section trembled.

Far below them, Lemuel Tolliver's eyeglasses shattered on the ground.

Sammy Walters looked at Duffy Scott. "What do we do now?"

Scott shook his head wearily. "We get out of here before the whole business slips off those saucers, or whatever they are."

"They look like saucers to me."

"*All right!*" Scott yelled with sudden, nerve-torn violence. "They're saucers. Now let's get the passengers out of here, somehow."

Paul Holloway chuckled tensely behind them. He swayed against the compartment divider, holding one hand to his broken cheekbone.

"Nobody in there to worry about. Everybody got blown out except for one little guy. And he's hanging there with a hunk of aluminum through his neck. Got him in the carotid, I'd say—blood all over the place. So there's just the three of us to worry about."

"Lord," Sammy Walters muttered. He wiped trickles of his own blood out of his eyes and peered out the cabin windows. "How we going to work this?"

"Climb out on the wings, I guess, and try and cross over into those saucers."

"Sounds good. It's a long way down, Duff."

"You want to stay on board and find out just how long?"

Sammy Walters shook his head quickly. "No—not me, Duff. I'm going."

"All right." Duffy Scott tried to keep on thinking. It was an effort. "I don't think those things'll take more than one of us apiece. Sammy, you try for the one on the port wing. Paul, you take starboard. I'm going to try going over the nose."

Sammy Walters turned pale. "Man, there isn't a handhold or a flat surface anywhere there, Duff. You'll slip off for sure."

"You do what I said!" Duffy Scott shrilled. "You and Paul go back in the cabin, smash a couple of windows over the wings, and get going. You leave me to do things my way. I'm the captain here, damn it!" He was terrified of what he'd have to do. The DC 7b's nose was sharply rounded, and the saucer rested under it in such a way that he would have to inch his way out to the very tip and then slide off, with thousands of feet of empty air only inches away from the only place his feet could touch. He saw the saucer's pilot beckoning him frantically, his perfectly human-looking face urgent behind the tinted glass of his flight helmet, and he knew how little time they had. There was a grinding jar as the aircraft slipped a little on the saucer's curved flanks, and the three spaceships jockeyed frantically to hold 106 steady.

Sammy and Paul were already on their way back toward the passenger cabin, moving cautiously to keep the airliner in balance. Duffy Scott crossed himself, slipped off his shoes, and used one of them to crash out the glass in a forward window. He wormed his way over the instrument panel and out through

the shattered window frame. He pressed his flat palms to the gritty aluminum skin, and inched his way around. Hugging the nose with his arms and thighs, he began pushing backwards, hoping that when he felt himself slip, the saucer and not emptiness would be under his feet. He pressed his cheek against the rivetted skin, and did not raise his head. The wind ruffled coldly through his uniform, and he prayed.

I'm scared, he suddenly realized. I'm scared white. I'm shaking, and sick to my stomach, and if I miss I know I'll scream and beat the air with my hands all the way down.

He pushed himself backward the final inch. He felt himself sliding irrevocably down over the steep curve of the nose tip. The ends of his fingers were bleeding. He shut his eyes.

Suddenly his feet were on a firm surface. Through his thin socks, he could feel the texture of the saucer's metal. He took a gulping breath and pushed himself off-balance backward. He fell onto the saucer's deck, full-length and on his back. He rolled over with infinite slowness, made it, and scrabbled up the slope

to the cockpit bubble. The pilot had it unlatched. Duffy Scott crawled in, wedged himself in the cramped space behind the pilot's seat, and fought the terrible sickness in his stomach. He hugged the seat back and rested his face against the cool leather. He looked up for a moment and saw Paul Holloway and Sammy Walters wave from the saucers they'd crawled out to. He lifted a hand feebly.

The stricken DC 7 was surrounded by hovering saucers. He saw that some of them had extra people in them, and realized that somehow those enormously skillful pilots had managed to match speeds with falling human beings and catch them on their broad decks. It looked, at first glance, as if everybody except that one dead passenger was accounted for.

But he couldn't be sure. He'd forgotten how many of them there were — whether he'd missed one, or forgotten to count in Sue Painter, or what. He raised his hands and began carefully counting on his fingers. Somewhere out on the nose of ISA 106, Duffy Scott had turned into an old man.

The wing commander looked around. All of the natives were accounted for—at least,

those he'd seen spewed out of the airliner. "Is there anybody left inside?" he asked the crewmember he'd picked up.

"No," Sammy Walters said. "Except for one corpse."

"We did kill one, then?"

"You did."

The wing commander wiped a hand under the tilted faceplate of his helmet. "I'm sorry."

"Nothing you can do about it now."

"No." The wing commander wondered if his voice sounded as sick to the native as it did to him.

But there was no time to delay. He would have liked to recover the body, but that was out of the question. Already his instrument board was half red with trouble lights as his ship slowly came apart under the strain of supporting the airliner. And off to the north, silver arrows were buzzing up at them like angry wasps. Usually the native fighter interceptor commands could be outrun and outmaneuvered, but not when your own ship was pinned down.

"What now?" Sammy Walters asked him.

"We have to get back to our carrier ship. At least a fourth

of my command isn't even airworthy any more. If I don't land them soon, they'll be in serious trouble. He did not mention that his own ship was one of the ones that might burn out their motors at any instant.

He spoke into his command microphone, and eased his ship backward, in synchronized motion with the other two ships holding ISA 106.

With a grind of scraping metal, the airliner slid free. She dropped like a stone for hundreds of feet. Then she picked up flying speed, and her nose struggled up. She flew for a moment, trembling on the verge of a spin. Then she broke apart, piece after piece plunging to Earth.

The wing commander sadly watched her fall. Then his wingman moved up into position, and the remainder of the wing came into formation. With a mumbled prayer, the wing commander fed power to his drive jets. Somehow, they held, though he heard circuit breaker after circuit breaker crack open behind the control panel. Half his ship was dead, but it would still fly forward.

The formation passed over the oncoming native interceptors at maximum acceleration, and blazed toward the

mother ship hiding in the aurora borealis.

Mrs. Elston looked around at the interior of the mother ship with eyes that had no yardsticks to measure this kind of immensity. The rows of parked little saucers inside the floodlighted hangar deck looked like so many metal buttons laid out in a row on a bureau top. The girders overhead were like the arches of an enormous cathedral, and the noises; the hoot of warning sirens as service trucks dodged around the saucers, the echoes of mechanics' feet, the clang of service hatches being opened—all these were like the sounds of the biggest railroad station in the world.

The youngster who had piloted them through the opening in the mother ship's hull—the same amazing young man who had caught her in mid-air like a flapjack on a spatula—carefully lifted her down to the hangar floor. "All right now, ma'am?" he asked anxiously.

"Fine, thank you." She winced familiarly at the accustomed pain of her weight on her ankles. She looked around again, and at the young man, who was about six feet tall, had blonde hair and blue eyes, and looked as

if he didn't eat as much as he should. "Is this Russia?" she asked.

The young man gravely shook his head. "No, ma'am. This is a big flying saucer—like an aircraft carrier. We're from Venus."

"Then why do you speak English?"

"So you'll be able to understand me, ma'am," he answered politely. "Now you'd better come along with me. We've got to get off the deck so they can move our ships to the service area."

"What are you going to do with us?"

The youngster shook his head worriedly. "I don't know, ma'am. It's always a mess when something like this happens." He offered her his arm, and she took it thankfully. Walking wasn't easy with her ankles.

As they walked toward a group of people—more saucer pilots, and the rest of the passengers from the airplane, she saw—she turned her head constantly, finding something new to look at every minute.

"Venus, huh?" Sammy Walters was saying to the wing commander. "You sure don't look it."

"There's no reason to believe the human race is re-

stricted to one planet," the wing commander answered patiently. He felt tired clear through to his bones, and the trouble wasn't half over yet. He thought of the dead man they'd left in the airliner's cabin, and guilt sapped at him. But that was still no reason to keep this man with him in a state of mystification. The wing commander sighed. Duty meant meeting the small obligations, as well as the larger. "We estimate that human beings could live on at least half the planets we know of. You have no idea how tough the human race is, or how faithfully it propagates itself."

"But — where did it all start? Where'd we come from in the first place?"

"I don't know. The theory is we're from outside the Solar System entirely. Or else, God created our ancestors simultaneously on many planets. You have a choice of explanations — or, perhaps those're just two ways of describing the same thing."

He could understand the Earthman's natural desire to have things explained. He'd feel the same way himself. But it was wearing, nevertheless, to have to lecture on anthropology when all the time he was trying to think

of what defense his wingman could bring at the court-martial. The fact that the same court would try him, and undoubtedly assign the greater part of the responsibility for the accident to him as commanding officer, was not of as much concern to him.

Sue Painter clutched her broken arm and tried not to sob. She could barely pay attention to anything around her, it hurt so much. The pilot who'd picked her up was saying comforting things about a doctor being on his way up, but that made very little impression on her.

Then she heard somebody call her name, and come running across the hangar toward her. "Sue!"

It was Sammy Walters. She'd never thought much about him one way or another, but now when he put his arm around her waist, she leaned against its warmth and felt better.

"What kind of fuel do you use?" Paul Holloway was asking a pilot. "How about reaction mass? What about that hull shape—cooling surface for atmospheric entry, and heat collector for spaceflight, right? Can you give me your cruising range in miles? How

does that stand up at top speed? Just one powerplant, with selective linkages to your steering jets, your hovering fans, or your drive, or all three, right? How long is your pilot training program?" He had completely forgotten his cheekbone. He did not even notice that it hurt him to talk.

Blake Huntingford had fallen through fog, wondering what had picked him up and bruised him so badly. At first he had difficulty in breathing, but that was soon over. Instead, his ears popped violently with pressure change, and a gimlet began boring into his skull, between the eyes, with unrelenting pain that felt like streaks of yellow lightning.

It became unbearable, and he opened his mouth to cry out. Then it felt as though a chisel had opened his forehead and burst a thick bubble inside. Suddenly he could see; he could see how close he was to onrushing ground. It was as though he had awakened into a nightmare.

But Blake Huntingford had never had a nightmare in his life. He studied this one with calm detachment as it moved toward its climax with furious speed. Then something nudged his arm, and he forced

his head around to see the leading edge of a flying saucer. It was in a flat dive, accelerating at exactly his own speed, and in all the rising universe, only he and the saucer were motionless. It edged under him, and he touched its deck as lightly as a sparrow settling on a branch. The pilot's cockpit was open, and he found handholds on its edge. Then, fifty feet above the ground, they had begun to rise together. Blake Huntingford, plastered down to the deck by a great hand of wind, had continued to study his nightmare.

But there were limits to nightmares. Once he had clambered inside the cockpit, and squeezed in behind the pilot, he had realized the simplest explanation was not the correct one.

It was actually happening, he thought. And as he stood on the mother ship's hangar deck, he still thought it. He listened intently, trying to make the most of what he could hear, for he had gone blind again as soon as he passed ten thousand feet of altitude.

Mike Hogan cocked an eyebrow at one of the pilots. "Venus. And how are things on Lhuanna?"

"Lhuanna?" He was fazed.

Mike Hogan turned to Lemuel Tolliver, who stood beside him with his eyes watering. Without his glasses, he looked old and helpless. "Wasn't that the name for Venus, Mr. Tolliver?"

The spaceship pilot looked at Lemuel Tolliver with sudden interest. "*Lemuel Tolliver?*" A grin twitched his mouth. "I didn't recognize you from your photograph. I've read your book. Very interesting." Lemuel Tolliver shrank back, and now there were tears on his cheeks.

The pilot turned quickly to Mike Hogan. He seemed ashamed of himself, and, looking at Tolliver and thinking of what the man must be going through, Hogan felt the same way. "As a matter of fact," the Venerian said in a voice that was embarrassed for Tolliver, "we have an interesting situation coming up when you people get out in space yourselves. We don't speak English at home, of course—we have different nations, with different languages, just like you do. There must be a hundred different names for Venus—though I've got to admit I've never heard of Lhuanna being one of them—but all of them translate to just one thing.

What else would it be? It's the world that was our only home for generations. It was all we knew—the lights in the sky couldn't conceivably be thought of as anything like the world. That's what we call it—the world. The ground under our feet. Earth."

The eight people from Earth sat together in the compartment that had been given them. Duffy Scott slumped forward in his chair, his face in his hands. Blake Huntingford sat next to him, his hands resting on his knees, his head up, listening. Mrs. Elston was moving softly around the compartment, feeling the texture of the chair upholstery, marveling at it, and going on to the curtains at the port. She peered at everything. Even here, in this one room, there were so many things to look at.

Paul Holloway sat ignoring everything and silently putting together all the things he'd learned. New compartments in his mind were being filled, and new cross-references established. As he listened to his mind repeat each new fact it touched, his face reflected his joy. Lemuel Tolliver, beside him, sat stiff and withdrawn, his face gaunt. Mike Hogan felt free as air.

Sue Painter, her arm in a traction splint that let her move it with only a twinge or two of discomfort, huddled up against Sammy Walker. "Wh—what are they going to do to us? Does anyone know? Sammy?"

"We'll be all right, Sue." He squeezed her shoulders.

"They've got to cover up," Duffy Scott said from behind his hands. He looked up, pale and worn. "They've stirred up a terrific fuss, but it'll die down if we don't come back. It won't be forgotten, but there won't be anything to go on. If we come back, we'll all have stories to tell. So we're not going back. At the very least, they won't let us go back."

Blake Huntingford turned his head sharply toward the sound of Duffy's voice. "Shut up, man," he said crisply.

"They're not going to keep Sue here without a fight," Sammy Walters said angrily.

"Whoa, boy," Mike Hogan said, and they sat looking at each other.

The wing commander came slowly down the companionway, following the mother ship's executive officer. He was thinking of his wingman—a sharp, almost brilliant pilot, an excellent officer with

an unlimited future, who had simply made one error in judgment. At a thousand miles per hour, six feet was not much of a mistake. But it had been enough. By that six feet, his wingman's career was ruined, his name disgraced, and his future stolen. In a proud, spacefaring nation, a cashiered officer had very little to look forward to.

"Is this where they are?" the executive officer asked him sharply. They had stopped in front of a compartment door.

"Yes, sir. I'll open it for you." He did so mechanically, still preoccupied. The ship's captain had reserved judgment in his own case—possibly because it had been the captain himself who had ordered the training flight. No one could be quite sure where the ultimate responsibility would rest, and the entire mess was going to be carried back to the government at home.

The wing commander stepped through the doorway first, so he could announce the executive officer. He saw all their faces turn toward him, and he felt a wrench as he thought of the one dead man who had been left behind when the airliner was allowed to crash. That troubled him

more than anything else. Almost any accident could be mended, and almost any wrong could be apologized for, and righted. But a man killed was a man killed, and nothing could ever redress it.

"Our executive officer would like to speak to you," he told them clumsily, and stepped aside.

The executive officer was a graying man who would be made captain of the next carrier ship built. He was a captain in everything but rank already. He carried command presence with him like an aura, and his self assurance rested on twenty years' excellent service. The wing commander might have thought the executive was a little too unbending, but the wing commander also realized that he had only a third of his superior's experience, and might very well be wrong.

"First," the executive rapped out, "I must apologize for the unfortunate accident which has necessitated your coming here. Our entire Service holds itself responsible, and the culpable Service personnel have already been disciplined, or are in the process of so being. I trust this is satisfactory.

"Now," he said, having gotten that finished—and why

couldn't the natives learn to get out of the way when something went by?"—"now we have to deal with the predicament in which we find ourselves."

Mike Hogan looked up. "What predicament is that?"

"That should be obvious. We are certainly not in a position to let you return to your planet."

Duffy Scott laughed. "Tell us something we don't know." Sammy Walters tightened his grip on Sue Painter's shoulders.

"All right," Mike Hogan said, "so we can't go back. What's the alternative?"

"You will be taken to Venus and kept there for the rest of your lives. The exact details will have to wait for a directive from higher authority, which is considering your case at the moment. But no matter how you are to be disposed of, you must be taken to Venus and never be permitted to contact your home world again."

The wing commander thought that the executive might have chosen a happier way to put it. The phrase "disposed of" had brought a wince of horror from the young woman, and a hostile grimace from the fellow holding her. All the executive offi-

cer had meant, in essence, was that until they were safely fitted into some harmless but comfortable niche in Ven-erian society, their file would perforce remain open, and everyone concerned with it would not be free to go on to something else. Their nation was busy. Service personnel were constantly dealing with one problem or another. Naturally, everyone would want to get this over with. But the executive had thoughtlessly used standard officialese in describing the fact; the wing commander knew, if the executive did not, that most Earthmen would put only one meaning to being disposed of.

It made him feel even worse to realize this. It was not enough that because of him one of their number was dead, and the rest of them were doomed to permanent exile. Now they had also been exposed to a new emotional shock.

"What do you care whether we go home or not?" Sammy Walters demanded. "You've been coming and going on Earth for years, ignoring anything we might be doing. You go for little cruises across North America, you snoop around all you want to, and you've never even admitted knowing we were alive."

"Young man." The executive officer drew himself up. "No doubt you consider your planet to be of great importance. It may very well be, to you. But it is only another human world to us, and one in an earlier stage of development than our own. Let me assure you that we have had everything you have, and have improved on it since. When and if you achieve spatial navigation for yourselves, the question of commercial and diplomatic intercourse may come up. Meanwhile, your planet serves as a convenient training site for our cadets, who must grow accustomed to dealing with foreign planets.

"However, there is a difference between a native observing a man use a rifle, and that same native gaining a glimmering of what causes a rifle to function. You will assuredly never see your Earth again."

Sue Painter whimpered. It was Mike Hogan who stood up and almost accidentally got between the executive and Sammy Walters, who had been tensing himself to jump.

"Begging your pardon, my friend, but I don't think you are *that* far ahead of us. I haven't seen anything super-

duper yet. I've seen stuff we won't have for a while, but nothing we haven't thought about. Maybe that colonial administrator tone of voice is something you picked up twenty years ago and forgot to lose?" Mike Hogan grinned pleasantly.

Some of the air went out of the executive officer, and the wing commander had difficulty restraining his smile. The Earthman had punctured the executive's logic in a vital spot.

But it didn't matter. The executive was still in the command position. Hidebound or not, he was the official face of Venus.

We're human, the wing commander thought. As human as they are. At least as human. We do our best, according to what we think is best—and still we murder and exile them, and insult them, too. It doesn't matter what I think of the executive or his opinions. I'm one of his people, and I'm tarred with the same brush. We all are. We're all Venerians to these people, no matter how much we disagree among ourselves.

The executive barely had his temper under control. "Very well. Do any of you have some plan whereby you may go home and we may be

assured you will tell no one what you know, or what happened? Can you conceive of such a possibility? With reporters and government agencies demanding answers? No? I thought so. Then you're coming to Venus, whether you—or I—like it or not."

It was Lemuel Tolliver who broke the silence. "I'd be anxious to go," he said. The other passengers looked at him in astonishment. "Yes, I've been thinking very hard," he went on. "It's become obvious to me that I was wrong." He seemed to be at peace with himself again. "I can't remember now that the spacemen ever said they were from Venus. I just assumed it. When they took me to their planet, I guess it looked more like what I thought Venus would look like. But it must have been Mars, all along. So I'd be very anxious to go to Venus and bring the Message to your people." He looked at the executive and the wing commander. "I can't understand you having spaceships almost as good as theirs and still never having been to Mars. I know you haven't been, or you would know peace and harmony within yourselves already. It must be the force-shield the spacemen

have around their world—around Lhuanna—that keeps you away.”

No one—not even the executive—said anything for a moment. Then he shrugged and said: “What of the rest of you? Whatever your reasons might be.”

“Buddy,” Sammy Walters said, “you better make my handcuffs tight.” Sue Painter clung to him wordlessly. “You try and hurt this girl, and you’ll have trouble.”

The wing commander saw the executive’s neck veins swell. He wished the co-pilot hadn’t been so vehement.

“If we had any desire to hurt the young lady,” the executive said, “I doubt you’d be able to interfere effectively.”

Sammy Walters did spring to his feet this time. He stalked toward the executive. “You try something, Buddy, and see what happens to you.”

The executive looked Sammy Walters up and down. “Very well.” He motioned to the wing commander. “I had hoped to arrive at a gentlemen’s agreement with you people.” He stepped back through the doorway, and the wing commander followed him. “You’ll stay here through the duration of our voyage back. It may please you to know you’ve interrupt-

ed a training cruise involving more financial expense than your entire government spends in a year!” The thought made him completely furious. He slammed the door in Sammy Walker’s face and locked it tight.

“All right!” Sammy Walters exploded ten minutes later. “We’re stuck and we’re going to stay stuck. Except maybe we won’t. I’m going to try and break out of this.”

“Hey, boy, don’t let that stuffed shirt throw you,” Mike Hogan said. “That’s all he is. The rest of these birds seem pretty decent. Nobody said they had to pull us out of that crash, you know. It would have made things a lot simpler for them if they’d just let us drop and scrambled out of there.”

“Nobody said they had to hit us in the first place.”

“They didn’t do it deliberately.”

Sammy Walters crashed the flat of his palm down on the low table in front of him. “Talk! That’s all it is—talk. Now, look; I say we can break out of this, and get up to the hangar deck. There’s got to be some kind of saucer up there big enough to carry all of us.”

“Come on, Sam,” Duffy

Scott said wearily. "Who flies it?"

"I fly it! I can fly any damn thing with airfoils, and a few without. What's more, I kept busy looking over my pilot's shoulder all the way up here. Anyhow, it's a chance. That's more than we've got once we get to Venus."

Mike Hogan said: "Look, boy—let's assume you make it to the hangar deck. Let's assume you find an eight passenger saucer—"

"Seven," Mr. Tolliver corrected.

"Seven. All right—you find this saucer, you get it started, you get out of the mother ship. I'll give you all of that. What do you do when every saucer on this ship takes out after you?"

"It's a chance," Sammy Walters repeated stubbornly.

"A damned lousy one."

"I think," Mrs. Elston said gently, "I would like to stay here." She was examining the lighting fixture, which was a sheet of fluorescent plastic. So many new things to look at. So much to discover. It was like being young again.

"What?" Sammy Walters exclaimed. "I can understand *him*, but not you. You're no crackpot. Or are you?"

"Watch your language,

Sammy," Paul Holloway said in a detached voice. "I'm not going anywhere either." Then he went back into himself again, still cataloging the things he'd learned, and making places to fit what he would acquire soon.

"What's come *over* you people?" Sammy demanded. "Duffy, what're you going to do?"

Scott shook his head. "I don't care, one way or another."

Sammy Walters scowled at Hogan. "What's your play? You and the big cheese didn't do so well."

"No," Hogan said, "no, we didn't. But I can stand it if he can. See, it doesn't matter if he likes me or not. I've got trained hands to go with my itchy feet. I figure once I turn out to be useful, they'll let me be a Venusian just like the rest of them."

"Venerian," Blake Huntingford corrected.

"Funny," Hogan said, running his hand over his hair. "Ash Holcomb always says Venusian."

"For Pete's sake!" Sammy Walters cried. "You mean Sue and I are going to have to do this alone?"

"Looks like," Hogan remarked. "You do what you want, though, boy." He sat

down. He was humming. Sammy Walters took Sue's hand and glared at them. Duffy Scott looked down at the floor. Blake Huntingford sat in the dark and reflected that Sammy had left him out of his plans entirely. It nettled him to be thought an old crock.

The wing commander came silently back down the companionway, with emotions churning inside him.

He had thought this out for hours, pacing back and forth in his cabin, and now he was here. He had no idea whether what he was going to do was right or wrong. It was at least treacherous. Once an Earthman got back to his home planet with a spaceship, it would only be a matter of time before Earth erupted into the Solar System, equipped with vessels just as good as anything Venus possessed.

But what was he to do? Here were eight people, certainly convinced they were going to their deaths.

The thought of the dead passenger weighed heavily on his mind. Perhaps *this* would compensate, in some measure.

The hangar deck was practically deserted at this hour, he knew. The mechanics were

off watch, and only a few crewmen would still be up there. Most of the ship's personnel was eating.

The long range scouts would be parked to one side of the deck, and they would hold seven people with only a little cramming. Two of the Earthmen were trained pilots. He could certainly explain the controls to one of them. Then he had only to jam the hangar roof after they were through it, and they would be safely away.

As for what would happen to him afterwards . . . well, that would remain to be seen.

He opened the Earthmen's compartment door, and Sammy Walters crashed a chair down on his head.

Sammy took Sue Painter's hand. He faced the rest of the passengers. "All right. All aboard what's coming aboard."

Blake Huntingford stood up. "I'll help you. But I need eyes. Get up, Scott."

Duffy got to his feet. "All right," he said expressionlessly.

"Good. Now," Huntingford said, "you lead the way, Sammy. Scott, give me your sleeve."

Mike Hogan straightened up from the wing command-

er's body. "Well, you didn't quite kill him. I'll give you that."

Sammy paid him no attention. He stepped out into the companionway, still holding Sue Painter's hand. "Nobody out here. We're lucky. Okay, let's see—the hangar deck's *this way*."

"Lead the way," Huntingford said. "Scott—you fellow them. And — Sammy — just find yourself a ship for two. Scott and I'll have things to keep us busy."

Duffy Scott shrugged. There wasn't anything for him on Earth, or anywhere.

Blake Huntingford turned and faced the remaining passengers. "I don't think you'll be in any trouble. Not when you might have escaped but didn't. Good luck."

"Same to you," Mike Hogan answered gravely. Ten minutes later, he heard the alarm bells.

"Did they make it?" Blake Huntingford asked Duffy Scott.

"Yes. They got free. The kid really *can* fly."

Running feet came pounding up all the companionways toward the hangar deck. Blake Huntingford sighed. "Now—hit me between the eyes. As hard as you can. *Quick*, man!"

Duffy understood almost immediately. Huntingford's head snapped back to the force of the blow. He peered into the shadows. "Again!"

This time, the fog thinned. Floodlights swam before his eyes through a thin veil. As he rubbed his face, he began to make out watery silhouettes. Then his vision cleared a little bit more, and he could see well enough. "Come on!" He picked up two heavy wrenches and handed one to Scott. He ran to the nearest spaceship and began smashing at its undercarriage. "This'll stop them for a while! Cripple the ones in the front row, Scott. We'll give them a good tangle to straighten out."

Something like excitement ran through Duffy Scott's veins again. He brought his wrench smashing around at a stilt-like undercarriage prop, and barely got out of the way as the saucer crumpled forward. Metal tore underneath it, and Duffy grinned with satisfaction.

They ran along the row of parked ships, and the din of their work echoed and re-echoed in the hangar like a battle of war gods. Crewmen ran across the hangar floor toward them, but it was already too late. Blake Hun-

tingford stepped up into place beside Duffy, and hefted his wrench. He was laughing aloud.

Old crock, eh? Well, perhaps, he thought. Perhaps the Venerians had doctors who could repair him. Perhaps he ought never to have started this. But Sammy Walters had made him angry, and Duffy Scott's apathy had given him something to push against. "What a way and what a place to finish!" he cried with joy, and Duffy, hearing him, recognized the fighting man's note in his voice.

Perhaps nothing else could

have found one more surge of energy in the used-up husk of Duffy Scott. But Blake Huntingford had done it. They stood shoulder to shoulder, laughing, their weapons ready, as the crewmen swarmed down upon them.

Far below them, night was falling on the western hemisphere of Earth. Sammy Walters pulled the ship out of its plunging dive, and steadied it. He reached back over his shoulder and touched Sue Painter's hair.

The sunset was before them. They flew toward it.

THE END

The winner of the Error Contest ("Babbit From Bzlfsk"—June *Amazing Stories*) is William W. Cummings of 64 Woodside Ave., Oneonta, New York. His correct answer bore the earliest postmark. There were four other correct answers, coming from Miss Barbara Coffasm, 1008 Central Ave., Renova, Penn.—Eugene Cichowicz, 386 N. Lalonde Ave., Lombard, Ill.—Mr. Frank James, 2304 Corroga Ave., Far Rockaway, N. Y.—and Charles J. Weber, Jr., 180 Hinds St., Tonawanda, N. Y.

The deliberate error was in the next-day reversal of a called play. A home run later ruled as a foul. This would be impossible as the umpire's decision at the time of play would stand in any event. A simple matter of baseball rules.

We are highly gratified at the number of entries and wish to thank all the loyal *Amazing Stories* readers who participated. Also, we sincerely wish there could be a prize for every entry.

FAREWELL TO GLORY

By ELLIS HART

The saucer men came seeking an Earth specimen. They selected the lowest, vilest criminal on the globe. If the planet's survival was the issue, would billions be doomed?

TEN RIFLES were loaded; ten rifles were aimed; ten rifles were prepared to fire. Heat lightning shimmered down the horizon, ghostly spiders walking their insubstantial webs across the sky. Anson Thwaite *had* requested the hood; he was scared. Not anything as glorious as terrified, or noble as frightened; nor even as craven as cowardly. He was merely scared. Everyday, gray - and - yellow scared.

There are daisies in my garden, ran through Thwaite's head, incongruously, irrelevantly, and a scene from long ago, of a ripe green hill dotted with yellow flowers, passed before his dark, closed eyes, within the execution hood.

"Anson Thwaite," the artificially-sorrowing voice of the

executioner - speaker cut the memory in half, "we are here to enact sentence upon you as directed by the state of Utah. Your crimes have been duly examined and catalogued, and in accordance with the laws of this state, in the name of the People of the State of Utah, you have been sentenced to death by firing squad.

"Have you anything to say?"

Anson Thwaite's face, inside the hood, broke into a characteristic snarling sneer, and the small crowd around the execution square heard a bitter, hoarse laugh slip through the black cloth.

"I'd do it again . . . only more, if I had the chance!"

The executioner - speaker folded the paper from which he had been reading, put it in



They would soon discover how tough this "tough guy" really was.

his right jacket pocket, and drew the deepest breath. "Squaaad . . . ready!" he barked.

The rifles came up.

Anson Thwaite stiffened against the wall, feeling the rough little punctures in the rock with his fingers, bound behind him. Bullet holes from before. His mouth was dry with the dust of death.

"Aaaaaim!"

Around the square, the newspapermen began composing mental headlines for the early editions: *Thwaite Dies At Last! Political Assassin Dies Before Firing Squad*. And one contemporary novelist, who had been commissioned by a big picture weekly, to do an essay-article on Anson Thwaite (which he would later turn into a best-selling non-fiction book) subvocally ran through the first paragraph of his work on the notorious Anson Thwaite:

"On a dry, exceedingly warm day in mid-August, the most vicious killer of the past three decades went to his Hell, on a nameless stretch of Utah dirt.

"Anson Thwaite, professional murderer stood before the firing squad, and his words were typical of him: heartless, arrogant, vengeful. After

a two year lapse, between capture and execution—in which the problem was not the *proof* of his crimes, but the cataloguing of their monstrousness—Anson Thwaite, the "mad dog of America," fell before the rifle slugs of his appointed executioners."

"Fii-er!"

The rifles jerked and sound split up the afternoon stillness, and cylinder gas whisked away on the soft wind, and roses of flame lived momentarily at the rifle's muzzles, and ten bullets streaked invisibly, inevitably, toward Anson Thwaite . . .

. . . and at that precise, cosmic instant, Anson Thwaite ceased to be.

He was suddenly there—not there. His body was gone, and where he had been, no shadow fell. The ten bullets struck the stucco-covered brick wall, and spanged away to lie warm on the dirt. Anson Thwaite was gone. Not there. Gone. There was no trace of him.

While above, spinning about its null-grav axis, a form out of nightmare hummed softly. While within, the body of Anson Thwaite lay pulsing on a device of all-colors, pulsing as it was cut apart—ribbon by ribbon of skin, stretch by stretch of bone; cartilage, and brain-pan, and fingernails.

Those who watched the operation were not human.

Light dawned up through the back of Anson Thwaite's skull. His skull which should have housed darkness, now housed light. The film that coated his eyes parted, and the light in his skull drew back, and grayed, and turned down, and soon was the darkness he had come to expect. And after a short time, lying with his eyes open yet unseeing, the minor explosions of gold and azure and vermillion ceased in his brain. Then he attempted to see. Not to move, merely to see.

He focussed in.

The first thing he saw was nothingness. But that was all right, for he was seeing nothingness. Then came the fogged outlines of a something, and the passing between, and then he saw the bulkhead. It was a strange bulkhead: gray as metal *should* be gray, but without seam or rivet or break. Yet he knew it was a bulkhead. It was just that, separating him where he lay on the machine, in the shallow trough of living jelly that had erased all the incisions and stitches and scars from his body—from the cold of space. He knew that fiber-deep within him, as he knew the theory

behind the jelly trough, and the fact that three hours before, he had been spread out organ by organ on the dissecting belt. He knew all this in some subliminal way, and he marveled at the knowledge for the briefest of moments.

He watched the bulkhead, overhead.

It was curved, like the dome of an observatory, seen from inside; like the top of a skull, seen from inside; like a basketball, seen from inside. Without rivet, or seam, or break. It was a flat featureless, unpainted, metallic gray, and the shadow that slid up along its curve, and spread over his vision was black.

He watched the shifting, irregular movements of the shadow, and marveled that one could be so quick and so thin and so terribly, terribly frightening. The shadow had a head, and seemed to have no neck at all, and had a body that stretched down, down, curvingly down the face of the bulkhead out of Anson Thwaite's sight.

It was one of the Observers.

He knew that too, oh yes.

The Observer had come to see if he had regained consciousness after the operation. He tried to turn his head, expecting a pain, or a stiffness, or a contraction, for the head

and the neck had been separated not too long ago. There was no feeling but the natural feeling when a man turns his head. He caught the edge of the jelly trough in which he lay, in the corner of his vision. But his eyes were centered not on the bank of involved, complicated, puzzling machinery that glowed and throbbed in the huge circular room, but on the other being that shared the compartment with him. The Observer.

He knew that was the name of the being, because they had planted subconscious leads in his brain, during the operation (which did not frighten him in the least, terrifying thought that it was, to be stripped apart like ripe corn). He knew the gray metallic wall was a bulkhead, he knew space lay on the other side of the bulkhead, and he knew he was in a flying saucer.

Though the Observers did not call their ship that. They called it a discobserver. Which was accurate. Very accurate.

The Observer was eight feet tall, and then a few inches. His legs were thin as Anson Thwaite's arms, and thinner yet. They were knobbed in three places, where three joints lived. The torso was a great wedge-shaped flatness,

containing gigantic lungs, a marvelously complex respiratory system certainly, and no navel.

The arms were thin as pipe-stems, knobbed, and looked oddly powerful. Anson Thwaite could not say how he knew this, but he was certain those arms could crush him, should they so desire.

No neck at all.

The head was a bullet-shaped extremity, set in a sort of troughlike ball-and-socket joint, with one eye placed glowingly over a high-bridged, single-nostrilled nose. The mouth ran quite from one side of the head to the other—thin-lipped, gashlike, almost like that of a fish. The chin was spread and flat and cleft. The eye watched Anson Thwaite closely.

The fog that had kept Anson Thwaite under a partial sedation, cleared, and he saw the Observer clearly.

His scream was caught by the sound-deadening walls, and absorbed. All but that portion which hit the metal bulkhead; that portion of the scream bounced back and back and was finally captured by the acoustical walls. In a moment, he stopped screaming.

"You got me here," he said, with no real sense to it.

The Observer nodded sober-

ly, the pleats of its loincloth rearranging themselves momentarily.

"I'm in a flying saucer. I'm in s-space, like in a rocket ship," he said, again no sense, for he *knew* where he was; they had planted the leads, he knew where he was.

"You cut me apart, why'd you cut me apart?"

The Observer spread one spadelike, seven and a half-fingered hand carelessly, "A physical examination is always necessary before an individual can be accepted for a job," the Observer intoned. His voice was traveling a long distance. It did not come from his throat. That was indeed a massive chest.

"What job? What did you —" Then it hit him: the Observer had plucked him from a firing squad. He had had a black hood over his face and his hands tied behind him, then suddenly he had wakened in this flying saucer, high above the Earth, with the Moon a smooth, white coin nearby. Why had he been saved? What was he doing here? Job? What sort of job . . . did he *want* a job with this alien . . . and were there more like this one?

"Let us go to the Observatory," the Observer breathed softly. His wide, wedge-shaped

hand motioned for Anson Thwaite to follow.

A portal slid noiselessly into the wall, and the tall Observer stepped out into a corridor brightly lit by gossamer threads of yellow, almost like neon tubes, but far too thin to be neon. The Observer stalked forward, his triply-jointed legs bending and folding, carrying him in three foot strides down the corridor. He walked slowly, occasionally looking back, his head swiveling oddly in its ball-socket trough, to be sure Thwaite was keeping up with him. Finally, they came to a blank wall, and the Observer passed a hand across his own single eye. As though a beam of light from that lone orb controlled some mechanism in the wall, the door slid open soundlessly, and then Anson Thwaite saw space.

The Observatory was three walls of clear substance, showing out on the void. The fourth wall and fifth wall were sections of some weird map, with glowing pin-pricks in place of stars. Even as Thwaite watched, several more glowing specks appeared on the map, and one near the top center winked out.

A voice from across the room intoned: "The Group

decided Ferran was not worthy. Too bad, they were a handsome race." Thwaite turned and saw three more Observers, exactly the same in appearance as his own Observer, sitting in convoluted chairs, sipping with long straws from helix-shaped glasses.

"This is the qualification map the Group maintains, Anson Thwaite," the Observer from the jelly-trough room said, beside him. "On it is recorded the decisions of such Observer ships as this disc-observer."

But Anson Thwaite was fascinated not by the map, but by the unfurled black and diamond splendor of deep space, reaching out beyond the saucer. "It's—it's so . . ." his words would not form. There *were* no words for the majesty of that land without form. Space was everywhere, and for a twentieth century man of normal imagination, it was staggeringly awe - inspiring and beautiful.

Anson Thwaite was silent, watching the heavens wheel around him.

"Sit, Anson Thwaite," one of the other three Observers commanded, gently. Thwaite reluctantly slid into one of the chairs, finding it molded it-

self to his shape immediately. On the map, three more dots appeared, widely-separated.

"Hah!" another of the Observers caroled. "They passed Jiraszek. Marvelous! Now we can count on more of that *guava* cream product."

"Not *guava*, Yiil," said Thwaite's Observer to the one who had spoken. "*Guava* comes from Earth."

"Well, at least it *tastes* something like it," replied Yiil with candor. "Eewa, you are too precise sometimes. When it comes to pleasure, be more general."

Thwaite's Observer, addressed as Eewa, waved a hand in mock reproach at Yiil. The movement was peculiarly Earthlike and Thwaite marveled at how . . . he hesitated to use the term, seeing the single eyes that burned in each face . . . how *human* they seemed.

"Later, later," one of the two remaining Observers quieted them. "Off-duty conversations, fellowmen, should be strictly kept off-duty in time." He settled back to sip at his helix-glass, and Thwaite saw Yiil and Eewa glance at each other with amusement.

"Cood, you work too hard," Eewa scolded him. The other, who now appeared to be older, as Thwaite scrutinized him

more closely, gave a half-snort, and turned his lone eye away.

"So," Yiil said, as though bringing his little conversation to a close voluntarily, to avoid dissension. "So."

Thwaite found himself the center of attraction, as four gleaming eyes focused on him. He moved uncomfortably in the chair, though the chair was the epitome of comfort.

"You are Anson Thwaite, twenty-nine years old, a resident of the planet Earth, and a condemned—what is the word they use down there Eewa? Oh yes—a condemned murderer. Is that not correct?" The Observer who had been silent till then had spoken, and now that one gleaming eye stared without emotion at Thwaite, as all four Observers waited an answer.

Anson Thwaite licked his thin lips.

"That's right. Right. First time I ever considered myself a resident of Earth, though. I'm an American. Don't forget, this is only 1961, Observer."

The subconscious leads had immunized him to the shock of alien appearance, had let him know where he was, in general, but they had not altered the way he reacted, nor

the way he felt about things. In his time, space flight was a near-actuality, but had not yet been accomplished.

Yet here he was, hundreds of thousands of miles from solid ground, in a flying saucer. The legend and crowd hysteria of the '50s, the flying saucer, was an actuality.

"Why'd you pull me out of there?"

"You're a murderer aren't you?" Yiil asked.

Thwaite nodded. "The guy got in my way."

"So you killed him," Eewa finished. It was a statement, not a judgment. There was no tinge of emotion in the words.

"So I killed him," Thwaite repeated, half arrogantly, half with pride.

Eewa looked across at his three companions, and they nodded to him almost as one. He stepped around in front of Anson Thwaite and spoke slowly, distinctly, and at length.

"You already know we are called the Observers," he said. "That much we planted within your brain during your physical inspection. Now we will tell you more:

"We come from an island universe so far distant the first light from it has not yet reached your Earth. We are representatives of a race that

was old when your sun was dust . . . and because we are so old, and have seen so much, we take it upon ourselves to offer you this choice: you may go with us to a certain planet we will name, and there you will attempt to undergo an ordeal by struggle, to bring us back a talisman. If you can do it—well, we shall see.

"If you fail, or refuse, the answer is the same. Death. Either death under the hands of the people of that planet, or death in space, flapping and wallowing without air. For if you refuse, we thrust you into space ourselves."

A second Observer spoke. "Which will it be?"

It didn't make sense. The explanation had not been complete. Anson Thwaite had no idea what this was really all about, but he knew he had no real choice. He must go where they said, and bring back the talisman, to keep his life. But he would not fail; he was an Earthman, and an unscrupulous one at that. He would use everything at his command to get that talisman, and bring it back to the Observers. *Then* he would find out the balance of this story; why he was being saved from a firing squad to possibly die on an alien world.

"Why have you picked me?" he asked, stalling for moments.

The Observers looked at one another, and finally, old Cood answered him, "You are the type of man the discobservers have always sought out. You will tell us what we wish to know."

And they would say no more.

Anson Thwaite knew what his answer *had* to be. For he was unquestionably the man the saucers wanted.

"I accept. Lead on to your testing world."

The saucer bucked slightly beneath his feet, and the stars wheeled dizzily as the disc-shaped vessel ploughed out and away from Earth—out to the deeps of space.

When the flying saucer, the discobserver, had slipped out of normal space, traveled a great distance in what the aliens called "inverspace," and slipped back to normal space, they called Anson Thwaite from his cabin, where induced sleep had kept him from noticing the passage of time. He came to the Observatory once again, and this time found space was blocked off by a green and gold vision in the viewport walls of the room.

"That is the world of Primy

IV," the Observer named Cood said, sweeping one spadelike hand at the globe that hung shining in the windows. "Down there you will find a race that has virtually destroyed itself by warfare. They are intensely jealous of each other, and almost insanely warlike—they will kill for no good reason, and they will enjoy it. Possession is their narcotic, ownership their aim.

"We want you to go among them, and find the talisman. You will find it on *this* planet . . ." he consulted a square of light on the arms of his chair, in which a shifting pattern of hieroglyphs provided information, ". . . in the Temple of the Thousand Suns. We placed it there over fifty years ago, when this world was destroying itself, with the warning to the people that whoever tried to steal it, would be killed.

"So far, no one has stolen it, but a camp of nomads has grown up around the Temple. They lie waiting for someone else to steal it, so they can kill him, and possess the talisman themselves. They are a sick and deadly race."

Eewa stepped forward. "What is your decision, man of Earth? Death here in space—or an attempt at the talisman?"

Yiil added, "We will tell you

this, however: there are many such tests in the universe. Talisman tests have been set up on many planets, for the testing of races from other worlds. Others have tried."

"Have any succeeded?" Anson Thwaite asked caustically.

The Observer shrugged. "To know that, would be to know why the test in the first place." The Observer's smile, with its fish mouth, was a wide and frightening thing.

That's right, thought Anson Thwaite, I don't know what reasons you've got behind all this. But I will, by God, I will!

"Send me down," he began to say, but before he could add, "I'll find your damned talisman," he was no longer high above the world of Primy IV in a silver-skinned flying saucer . . .

In the mid-sentence, he was there-not there, and he was standing to his ankles in burning golden sand, on a desert that ran to the horizon, with nothing and no one in sight.

Instantly, his throat was dust-dry, and his skin wrinkled with water starvation. He was on the planet, with one thought in mind:

At all cost, to hell with anyone who stood in his way, to

get that talisman! The heat was excruciating.

Thwaite felt the sweat appear for a second on his burning flesh, and an instant later disappear. It was that hot. The sun was a cauldron of melting gold just overhead. The sand beneath his feet was so hot he could feel it through the soles of his shoes. Perhaps a firing squad was better. Far out on the desert, a cloud of dust and sand rose.

Coming closer.

It billowed higher and higher, and Anson Thwaite strained his tired and nearly-blinded eyes to see what was there. It rolled nearer every second, and for a while Thwaite thought it must be a sandstorm. He was feeling faint with the heat by then, and though he knew he was ripe for a violent sunburn, he also knew he must protect his head from sunstroke; he stripped off his white shirt, and bound it around his head in a roughly *burnoose*-like manner. His back felt raw and crimson, even after a few seconds.

And still the dust cloud grew larger.

Then he heard the thumping in the ground. He could feel it up through his legs, in his body, in his head. The

sound of hooves. His head snapped up again, and he stared at the great cloud of sand that whipped frothily toward him.

When they were less than a mile away, Anson Thwaite saw that it was a great herd of horsemen, astride strange and fantastically-fleet steeds. He also saw the great column veer from its course slightly to the left of him, as though they had just caught sight of him, and he saw the sand-cloud bear down on him directly.

The Observer's words came back to him subliminally: *They will kill for no good reason—and enjoy it . . .*

Anson Thwaite felt all the joy he had harbored at sight of other human beings—even those who lived so far from Earth — drain from him. These were not the *bedouins* of Earth, they were the wandering killers of Primy IV, and he was directly in their path.

He stood rooted, for there was no place to run. It was desert out of sight in all directions. An animal heat grew in Thwaite's belly. He wasn't going to die here, lost in space on some barbarian world. He had been saved from the firing squad by an impossible happening, and now his freedom

hung in the balance. If it was death, it was going to be for those who stood between him and the talisman.

He stooped and took two huge handfuls of sand.

It was all the weapon he had.

The dust cloud drew nearer, and now he could see the red and glowing eyes of the Primyites. They were human in every respect, but their eyes were live things, all red-rimmed from desert riding in heat and sand-chafe. He crouched, and saw the riders spur their horses—or what *should* have been horses, but were not quite—toward him, the beasts leaping free of the ground with every stride, their eight legs propelling them forward with fantastic velocity. The riders lowered their spears. Long, thick pikes with honed steel tips on them, much like the barbs on a fish-hook. Their loose robes of many-colors streamed out behind, their capes billowing, they bore down on Anson Thwaite.

Thwaite stepped nearer the edge of the oncoming crowd. He must concentrate on but one rider, for in that concentration lay his chance of escape. He watched the end man, a hairy-faced Primyite

with a yellow cape, veer toward him. The point of his lance was on a steady, hardly-moving center with Thwaite's chest. The beast pounded nearer, until it was almost atop him. He could see the nostrils snorting out wet sand clouds, the sweat that poured off the beast's neck, the flying feathery mane. The face of the Primyite, drawn back into an expression of exquisite hatred and kill-pleasure.

Thwaite leaped aside just as the lance passed him. It zipped by barely missing his shoulder, and he threw the sand up into the horseman's face with all his might. The Primyite did not have the protective folds of his clothing covering his face, to keep out the vagaries of windstorms, and caught the sand full in the eyes. He screamed shrilly, and grabbed for his face, letting the lance fall. It stuck in the ground, and in an instant, as the animal whipped past, Thwaite grabbed up the lance with a vengeance.

Now, he was armed!

The next rider saw it all, and spurred his mount all the faster. He came down on Thwaite at breakneck speed.

Anson Thwaite thrust the sharp rear end of the lance into the sand, at a forty-five degree angle, and he crouched

behind the pole, holding it rigid with all his might.

The beast could not stop in time. It ran right onto the lance. The barbed tip went into the chest, and with the driving power of the beast, the tip came out the back of its neck. Through the throat. The animal screamed and whinnied and pitched over sidewise, tossing its rider to the desert. Thwaite did not wait a second; he was upon the man, and one kick crushed in the Primyite's skull. It was kill or be killed. Now he had both a lance and a sword. He shoved the bronze sword into his belt, and jabbed the spear into the ground once more. Riders were pouring past rapidly, some ignoring him, some trying to cut him down, but hindered by the body of the horse that lay between him and their column, kicking and twitching away its life.

He lowered the lance to the same angle, and as the next rider sprinted toward him, his lance lowered for a strike, he moved it around the animal's head, and *this* time, the lance struck the rider.

Deep into the neck, just under the chin, it went ripping. The man could not even scream. His head was barely held on by shards of bone. Then the rider dropped off,

and lay bleeding in the sand. The animal ran a few feet, and braked to a halt, casting back for its master. In one bound, Thwaite was astride it, his feet thrust deeply and securely into the strange stirrups, his hand tangled in the reins. He reached down and yanked at the lance stuck wobbling in the dead Primyite's throat. It came loose with a sucking sound, and Thwaite spurred his animal on, joining the column of riders.

Then, magically, as though they respected the fact that he had done his killing to obtain his steed and weapons, that he had undergone his ordeal by battle, no one tried to drop him from his mount. He was one with the wanderers of Primy IV, riding wind-swept and wild across the desert . . . where?

Night came quickly on the Primyite desert. One moment the great golden shell of the sun was hulking over the horizon, the next someone had cut away its strings, and it had fallen out of sight, leaving nothing but black shadows where the golden sands had been.

The nomads' camp was around a gigantic, spirally-rising building, dark and engraved with dire, horrifying

symbols, grinning faces, troglodyte shapes from nightmare, gargoyles that reached toward the tents of the wanderers. The eight-legged steeds were tethered near the building; all night they stamped and whinnied and worried themselves.

"This is good insurance, stranger," said one of the Primytes in answer to Thwait's question about why the animals were tethered where they would be uneasy. "When they stop making noise, we know they are gone. We listen all night for the sounds of their unrest." He had grinned and stalked away, his hands full of a stack of flat meal-cakes, which he carried to a huge pot, and began one-by-one to dip into the sticky substance within.

Thwaite followed him, feeling the pangs of hunger—for they had ridden all the day—and saw it was a sort of *homus* (as the Armenians would call the sticky soy-bean paste). He nudged the Primyte. "Give me one."

The nomad turned half-around, his face drawing up into a sneer, as he prepared to tell Thwaite to die first . . . but the Earthman had his bronze sword out, and without waiting for discussion, without mercy, Thwaite drove

the blade into the nomad's stomach. He yanked it out and grabbed the mealcakes and paste from the dying man before he could hit the sand.

Thwaite did not like dirt on his food.

The nomad tipped over and lay still, holding his stomach. A woman ran free of the women's compound and fell to her knees before Thwaite. The Earthman stared down at her, and then, seeing she was watching him, said, "What the hell do *you* want?" He was not surprised, as he had not been surprised that afternoon when the first Primyte had spoken to him, that he could speak and understand their language as easily as his own. That was the work of the Observers. Pre-test conditioning.

"It is our law, stranger," she said. "The widow of a slain man becomes the property of the slayer. My name is Jangla. I am your property."

Thwaite smiled, and thought things had gone on quite long enough. "Where is the Temple of the Thousand Suns located?" he asked.

She raised up on her haunches — a good-looking woman with long black hair—and answered, "Why, *this* be it." She motioned to the huge, forbidding building behind

them. Anson Thwaite turned and stared at the monolithic darkness stretching upward to end in a spiral tower. The Observers didn't play around, did they? If they wanted him to go after the talisman, they didn't want him wasting his time wandering around the planet.

So this was the Temple of the Thousand Suns.

Bigger than hell, and twice as ugly.

He munched on a meal-cake and stared somberly at the place. "Anybody try to crack this thing, and get to the talisman?" Thwaite asked loudly.

The woman at his feet looked up in terror. The nomads around them, who had minded their business while Thwaite killed Jangla's husband, now turned dark faces toward him. He was talking about going after the talisman, the way others had talked, and they began to lick their chops. What a possession it would be! If he came out with it, there would be a battle such as the nomads had never before known. They had waited over five decades, and now they were drunk with lust for it.

"Many have tried," she answered, "but none have ever come back out. The sky-voices proclaimed it taboo, off-limits.

'what-you-call-it—' he interpreted the word variously, "—and most everyone is frightened to try it now. Will you try . . . ?"

Anson Thwaite threw down what was left of the meal-cakes, and started toward the Temple. Jangla dove upon the food and began gorging herself with it. Thwaite stopped, turned and came back to her. He wound his hand in her long, black hair, and dragged her screaming to her feet.

She hung there at the end of his arm, the meal-cakes in her hand, and he slapped at them fiercely. "Eating is for later. Now you'll lead me in."

Her face grew white and terrified, and she started to beg him in a whine, to leave her alone. He slapped her face quickly, back and forth, and drew her close. "You lead me to the temple doors, and take me inside. You've heard rumors about what it's like in there. I know nothing. Either you lead me in, or I run you through, right out here. Take your choice."

She tightened her lips, and her face grew wide with terror. What sort of killer among killers was this man? He was more rotten than her own people, whom she despised.

"I'll lead you."

He thrust her from him, and she fell, slipping in the sand. She scrambled to her feet quickly, and ran forward toward the bulk of the Temple of the Thousand Suns.

He followed her, hand on the hilt of his bronze sword, and she watched him over her shoulder, terror in her eyes. They went around the building, moving carefully in the shadows, till they came to a row of gargoyles, set out from the wall in a frightening frieze. She walked up to one of the gargoyles, and thrust her hand into one of the grinning mouths on the three-headed thing. He heard a click, and a door slid into the Temple wall. A door he had not even suspected was there.

The door opened, and they stared into darkness. "Run and fetch me a light," he commanded her. She scrambled off toward the camp, and he heard her arguing with one of the other women; then a slap and a shriek, and she was back with a flambeau. He took the flaming stick, and advanced into the Temple, dragging her along behind.

She whimpered at his side, and once he hit her soundly, to keep her quiet. As they walked down the brick-lined corridor, with the dust of ages swirling up around their feet,

with white and smooth bones cracking beneath their feet, he studied the darkness with the eyes of an animal. He was no sword master, but he was a hunted thing from his life on Earth, and death was one thing to him, no matter what shape it took.

But the Observers from the flying saucer would not have sent him down here if there wasn't some sort of test to be won. He wondered what it could be.

Then he found out.

The walls began to throb.

They pulsed, and they beat and they throbbed out a mental tatoo that for a moment threatened to split his skull with the power of alien thoughts. The Temple was alive!

He started to run then, forgetting the woman, Jangla. He started running down the long, pulsing corridor, and behind him he heard her high-pitched scream, "*It has me!*" but he paid no attention. What was she to him, anyhow? He ignored her frightful screams, and the sounds of flesh being torn from flesh, and kept running. The Temple seemed to be busy ripping Jangla apart, and he ran down the corridor with all the fever of a doomed man.

He burst around a corner, caromed off the wall, and kept running. There was light ahead, around another bend. He tripped around it finally, the walls still beating and pulsing and . . . eating? He saw the light ahead, and threw the flambeau from him. He sprinted down the corridor, dragging the sword from his belt, and burst out into a wide cavern-like room. It was completely bare, except for two things. At the far end of the room was a pedestal, and on it was a small black statue. Obviously, the talisman. It had to be, for the other thing in the room was not!

The other thing was a beast so horribly malformed and hungry looking, he stifled a shriek as he stared at it full. It was huge, and it had claws that were longer than his hands. Its face was a compound of panther, puma, elephant, boar, and black bear. It was vicious, and it hungered there, its wide, spear-toothed mouth drooling. It was waiting for him.

Anson Thwaite knew he could never kill that beast.

And even if he did, how could he get out of the nomad camp with the talisman? He thought furiously, and in a second the idea came to him. It was a stinking idea, a hor-

rible idea, but it was the only way out.

He was determined to come out of this alive, and damn anyone who was around at the time.

He ran back into the corridor and found the flickering torch. He came back, and started to circle the beast. It lay there watching him with twelve, golden eyes and the mouth split once in a terrifying bellow.

It rippled with tensed strength, and he could see the muscles along its balled flanks bunch as it prepared to leap. Instead of keeping out of range, as most attackers would, he suddenly leaped in close, knowing the beast must leap over him, should it strike. And it did. It hurled itself forward, as he ran in close, and sailed over him, catching him in the side of the neck with a clawed foot. Anson Thwaite felt pain roar up through his body, and for a moment he thought the beast had severed his head from his body. Then he knew he was all right, safe, still alive, and he sprinted for the pedestal.

In one movement he had the talisman, shoved it into his pants waistband, and was turned waiting for the beast.

The beast roared its fury,

and circled, turning on him once more. The second leap was from farther away, and Anson Thwaite knew it was no use to try spearing it with the puny sword.

He thrust the torch up before his face, and as the beast came crashing down, he leaped aside, and the beast took the flames full in the face. The torch went into the monstrous gaping mouth, and the beast bellowed in rage at the pain that inflamed it.

Anson Thwaite turned, then, and ran like a madman, back into the pulsing, throbbing, living tunnel, the beast following on his heels.

He ran, screaming and shouting, hoping that somehow it would not only keep the beast after him, but distract the Temple from doing to him what it had done to Jangla. He had no idea whether it would do any good or not, but irrationally, he had to do something.

But the building did not want him this time. Had it eaten its fill? He saw the cloth that had been ripped from Jangla's body. He felt sick, but passed it off, running still, and drawing the beast after him.

Finally, hitting walls, smashing into turns he had not remembered, he burst

through the door, and ran around the side of the Temple, the night sky of Primy IV bright overhead. Behind him he heard the beast bursting out the rocks as it careened through the door.

The nomads rose to their feet, and a great swelling shout burst from them as they saw the man return from inside the Temple of the Thousand Suns. Swords came out, and they were about to fall on him, kill him, take the talisman, when the beast rose up in the night, screaming and hungering.

The scene was one of blood and death, and bodies were flung through the air as the beast vented its rage on the nomad camp. Screams rose up in the night as men died, chewed to pieces by the raging beast that had lived so long inside the Temple, living off what little it could find. The feast was on.

Anson Thwaite leaped to the back of his mount, and spurred it out onto the desert. He rode the silent sands for hours, wondering how to get in touch with the flying saucer, when suddenly he was there-not there. He was riding the back of the eight-legged beast one moment, and the next the animal was brak-

ing to a halt, looking for its master.

While high overhead, Anson Thwaite was confronting the Observers, the talisman in his hand.

They had taken the talisman from him, and told him to go to his cabin. Then the ship had warped to inverse-space, and when it had come out of that not-space, Anson Thwaite had looked down to see the Earth once more. So he had made it, he had succeeded.

They called for him, as the saucer dropped to the planet, and they told him: "For aeons we have been the guardians of the Universe, deciding by standards of all races, which peoples were ready for space, and which were not. We saw your Earth preparing for space flight, and came to observe. We sought one man from your race for the test. The test was to see if you could accomplish the task we set you, without harming anyone else unnecessarily. Many have done it," the Observer waved a hand at the map where lights flashed on and off. "We chose you because you seemed the lowest filth of your world. We sought one spark of decency in you, and so set you to the task. But you have shown us how rotten you

are, by sending the people of Primy IV to their death, merely to save your own skin.

"Our decision is negative. Earth remains planetbound for another ten thousand years, till they have bred out the streak of evil that is you."

Thwaite tossed up his hands. "Well, I'm sorry as hell we ain't gonna have space travel, you understand," he smiled archly, "but I did my part. Now how about setting me back down on Earth?"

"You don't care what happens to your race?"

"Why the hell should I?"

"All right, Anson Thwaite, we will keep our part of the bargain. We'll set you back."

And they did. One moment he was there-not there, and the next he was standing before the stucco-covered wall as ten bullets sped toward him.

Oh God, he thought, in that split instant, no time has passed! I'm still dying!

Yet no none knew, as they stared down at the body of the mad dog Anson Thwaite, that between the time the bullets had been fired, and the moment they had struck him, Anson Thwaite had done more damage than mere heartless killing.

He had condemned the entire world to prison. **THE END**

IS THE GOVERNMENT HIDING SAUCER FACTS?

By **RAYMOND PALMER**

Ray Palmer was born August 1, 1910, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He was educated in Milwaukee and at the University of Wisconsin.

At the age of seventeen he sold his first story to Amazing Stories (1927) and waited until 1935 to see it published. Meanwhile he sold many more science fiction stories to other markets, and achieved a sales record of more than three million words in mystery, detective, western and adventure magazines.

While editor of Amazing Stories he became involved in the flying saucer mystery and employed Kenneth Arnold in saucer investigation which ended in the deaths of two Air Force Intelligence men in the Tacoma, Washington incident which Kenneth Arnold covered for him. He is co-author of THE COMING OF THE SAUCERS with Kenneth Arnold, and has published three other books on flying saucers and the Shaver Mystery. At present he lives near Amherst, Wisconsin on a 124-acre farm with a private lake and trout stream where he has located his publishing house. He is married and has three children.

THE answer is yes. Ten years of constant investigation of flying saucer reports and personalities have convinced me that this is so. It is not merely an opinion, but a matter of personal experience. I shall attempt to outline those experiences, plus certain other bits of evidence and observa-

tion in an attempt to back up my opening statement.

Before we tackle the evidence, it might be well to ask the question: why should the government withhold evidence pertaining to possible visitors from space? There are several reasons, and from one viewpoint they may be considered

valid reasons, but from another they can be suggested as pointless if not actually mistaken.

Reason number one is perhaps the one most often advanced, but most obnoxious to the individual: This is the necessity of "shielding" the man in the street from the results of his own panic and/or enabling the government to set up a defensive action in his behalf in case of inimical invasion from the skies. To the average American, this is like keeping the knowledge of the advance of the British from the Minutemen. It is an imposition upon his freedom to know what is going on; and an insult to his ability to control his emotions.

The second reason is one that comes under a new brand of thinking in military circles which is called "classification." In the event that anything might be a matter of military importance, it is "classified" until it has been sufficiently determined that it need not be kept secret. This is a valid reason, but has the one drawback of being so easy to misuse.

Its misuse most often is in the sphere of "covering up" mistakes, or making it unnecessary to admit to ignorance. Under this brand of thinking,

Henry Ford's first "flivver" would have been kept under fraps forever, due to its military importance! All we would have today would be military vehicles. The suggestion I am making here is that anything classified should be instantly removed from such shrouding secrecy when it has not developed into an assured military matter the knowledge of which could give aid and comfort to the enemy and constitute a real danger to us.

When we speak of governmental hiding of saucer facts, we must relegate it to a specific agency—the armed forces. The government itself, as a political agency, is not hiding facts from anybody. Quite the reverse, the political elements of the government are not being given the facts any more than is the public. The entire handling of release of information concerning flying saucers is a military one.

Is this justified?

In my opinion, it is not. For ten years literally hundreds of thousands of flying saucer sightings have been reported, and it is my frank opinion that had all those who have sighted them made a report, the number would be in the millions. You cannot query a hundred people and not find

at least one who will admit that he also has seen "something."

I know of at least eighty-seven books that have been published concerning flying saucers. There have been many hundreds of magazine articles. There is no subject that has been more widely publicized and discussed in the past ten years. In many of these books information far more important and factual has been published than has been "kept secret" in military files. Quite often the material so classified is available in published books in complete detail. There is no valid reason to continue the classification of such unsecret secrets.

President Eisenhower, when asked about flying saucers, did not deny them, merely said they were matters taken care of by others; that he himself could not venture an opinion.

On July 9, 1947, I received in the mail duplicate negatives of flying saucer photos taken in Phoenix, Arizona, together with prints from the original negatives. I also received a proof of the entire front page of the Phoenix newspaper in which these photos were reproduced together with the account given by the photographer.

On July 10, Army officials

confiscated the original negatives, all prints, the printing plates and cuts from the newspaper office, all issues remaining of this edition, and went house to house collecting every copy that could be located. They did an excellent job, for no copy has turned up since.

This, in spite of the hue and cry that has been raised by the American people and the national dailies for proof. "Show us a picture!" they had demanded. Here was one. Now, by imposed military secrecy, the actual proof was suppressed. Why? Had anyone been attacked? Did the Army *know* that the saucers were possible trouble-makers, perhaps even invaders from space? They did not. The order was issued merely because some years previous Orson Welles had panicked the nation with his radio presentation in news form of H. G. Wells' *War Of The Worlds*; and because, presumably, there was a similar danger here.

From that time on, although reports were multiplying by the thousands, the newspapers (largely because the wire services killed every report before it was put on the teletypes) were silent about the

mysterious disks, except for local stories which somehow never managed to hit the wires nationally.

Here was a story that was just made for *Amazing Stories* and I had an exclusive! Needless to say a special cover was prepared, and a special edition readied, giving the whole story, photos and all. I will never know why the late Mr. William B. Ziff told me to kill the whole thing. But killed it was. Mr. Ziff was very close to Washington affairs, particularly air force affairs, because of his tremendously important magazine, *Flying*. Perhaps he knew something I didn't.

If there was censorship, I was unaware of it. Unable to use the material, it was turned over to *Fate* magazine, and published therein. The result was immediate. I was visited by every branch of military intelligence, officially, and questioned quite closely. And invariably I was informed at the end of the interview that there was no such thing as a flying saucer.

Never was I actually advised not to speak of flying saucers, or to publish material that I gathered. Yet there was always the implied suggestion that I should not. Let me give you an example of the

ways that were devised to discredit any story I might publish:

I was visited by a reader of *Amazing Stories* (or so he said) who was a hair-dresser and owned his own shop. He seemed very interested in flying saucers, and asked that I phone him if I heard anything particularly interesting. He left his phone number. Upon calling the phone company to get the listing on this number, it was disclosed to be the Federal Building, which does not house a hair-dressing establishment. The catch here is that the "hair-dresser" furnished me with a fantastic piece of evidence, which any sane editor with an eye to sales would have followed up. He gave me a yellowed newspaper clipping which stated that a famous electrical wizard had once invented a flying saucer, and had presented it to the U. S. Government, but had been turned down, whereupon he had given it to a foreign country. The clipping stated that the man's son now had the flying saucer in his possession. Had I printed this story without investigating, it could immediately have been discredited, amid great hilarity; had I investigated it, because of the fact that at one

time I had been held for one whole week incommunicado by our armed forces under suspicion of being a Japanese spy (how fantastic can you get!), how easy it would have been to make a "case" out of my second venture into the spying business, in an attempt to gain for my Jap warlords (or their Russian counterparts) an aerial weapon that might be of inestimable value. Naturally nothing concrete could have been pinned on me, but oh how effective it would have been in removing me from the flying saucer picture until it cleared up!

Surrounded by this rash of gold badges, and the cloak-and-dagger tactics, it was no wonder that my belief in flying saucers grew and I was determined to continue my own private investigation. Today, after ten years, I know only one thing—flying saucers are *real*, and when our Swiss Ambassador, Taylor, tells Congress the same thing, I quite agree with him. But, if they are only being told *now*, then there *has* been military (governmental?) secrecy imposed, even in high places!

It is a well-known fact that at Wright-Patterson Field in Dayton, Ohio, a central clearing house for *secret* information called *Project Bluebook*

was erected, and which functioned for years, was officially dissolved, but went right on functioning. An official report was released which discredited flying saucers in one breath, and labeled a small percentage of the "sightings" as "still unexplained" and considered to be valid.

It is interesting to note that several military individuals, including one man who was *head* of *Project Bluebook*, wrote books upon their emergence from the service, and that in each case, the stress was laid on the reality of flying saucers, insofar as interplanetary angles are concerned, and quite completely and invariably ignored the great mass of facts which I know quite well to exist, pointing in exactly the other direction.

During my investigations the greatest complaint I have had from persons witnessing and photographing flying saucers or anything unusual in the sky has been the fact that the military investigative agencies requested the photos and negatives, and even the cameras, and most times did not return them, or if they were returned, in deleted, damaged, or completely destroyed form. If this is not secrecy and nullifying of evi-

dence, it is certainly an outrage and a violation of private property, and a valid case for damages. In certain movie films, the number of exposed frames was counted before turning over the film, and upon return, as many as 30% of the frames were missing, and in all cases, the only frames that actually showed anything of value as evidence.

I myself performed an experiment. Those pieces of the flying saucer supposedly wrecked on Maury Island which were sent to me by Crisman were the object of a quite intensive effort on the part of the FBI (they showed their gold badges and cards) to have turned over to them as a voluntary act on my part. They never once gave the impression that they might be important, but they'd be happy to give them a going over if I felt I'd like to have them prove to me that they were not important. So, since they were not important, I merely shrugged, and replaced them in the file in my office, while they were able to see where they were put. The next morning they were gone. Which bothered me not a whit, because I could procure tons of the same stuff any time I wanted to. You yourself can do the same by merely visiting

the Tacoma Smelter Works, where piles of slag extend for blocks.

During my investigations I have talked to many airline pilots, and even to former military pilots, and former aircraft plant test pilots, who can tell you incredible stories of encounters with flying saucers. These men, freed from their associations, often tell persons they can trust (like myself) of their experiences, and of the credibility with which their superiors received their information, and particularly of the inevitable rejoinder to "keep mum" about it. Also, the "pattern" gone through to convince such a pilot that he actually did not see what he saw, or that he mistook it for something else, is remarkably humorous. Most of these pilots instantly realized what they were being subjected to, a rather un-subtle and ineffective bit of "brain-washing," and the reaction was resentment and amusement rather than doubt as to the validity of their sighting.

Airline pilots were repeatedly asked to report anything they saw, and yet, not to publicize it. They complied, because it is almost certain that a pilot subjected to "hallu-

cinations" is grounded as not competent to handle so valuable an aircraft nor to be entrusted with many human lives. Justified or not, this fear prevented publication.

Everyone knows that Frank Edwards was fired from his AF of L newscasting job because he talked too much about flying saucers. This is not governmental censorship, of course, but the "danger of impaired public relations to the American Federation of Labor" because of his saucer stories was hardly a valid reason, because if anything, the audience listening to Edwards was vastly interested and impressed and grateful for his accounts, and speaking personally, this action has alienated at least one American insofar as public relations with the AF of L is concerned! Incidentally, they didn't fire Edwards, he quit.

Speaking of Edwards, let me quote him, from a recent article in *Fate* magazine: "Time after time people ask: 'Why don't I read more about these things in my daily papers?' The answer, I think is fairly simple. Most newspaper editors depend on the newswires for their background information. The newswires depend on hand-outs from various sources

(primarily the Pentagon) for their reports on scientific developments in the fascinating field of rockets and space vehicles. In order to get these stories the news services must 'cooperate' — which means they must not carry verboten stories on unidentified flying objects. Or, if they do carry such a story, they are honor-bound to carry the prompt denial which the Pentagon will release."

Mr. Edwards goes on to give a recent example when on March 9, 1957 a Pan-American Airliner crew made front-page news by a violent maneuver to avoid a U. F. O. which was not only visually identified by the crew, but seen on radar by a Miami radarman who clocked it at 4000 miles per hour. This got into the papers—who could have prevented it!—and five days later the "counter-story" hit the headlines. Dr. Hugh Dryden, Director of the National Committee on Aeronautics, appeared before a House Appropriations Subcommittee to discuss the money needs of his agency, and deviated from this order of business to make the sensational statement to newsmen that "there are no such things as flying saucers."

How official this sounded!

It made the Pan-Am crew victims of a meteorite, and a highly imaginative bunch. But this time the tactic boomeranged, and when Rear Admiral Delmar Fahrney offered to dissolve his NICAP (a newly formed private citizen organization to investigate U. F. O. phenomena) if Dryden would prove his statement, Dryden had to admit publicly that his statement was nothing but his personal opinion and that he had not a shred of proof. Neither the House Appropriations Subcommittee, nor the American public is interested in Dr. Dryden's unfounded opinions, and his expression of them in such a "newsworthy" spot is only more evidence of Pentagon "cover-ups."

In Europe, Dr. Herman Oberth (well known to *Amazing Stories* readers) said the result of three years of investigation had convinced him flying saucers were from space, and very real. When he was flown to the U. S. and given a job at Redstone Rocket Arsenal at Huntsville, Alabama, his lips were sealed. Now he has nothing further to say, even when asked, about a subject dear to his heart for three years. Is his silence his

own idea? Obviously not.

Have you ever tried to put a flying saucer publication on sale at the PX of an army camp, or an air force base? I have.

You know, all this secrecy scares me! It makes me think there might be some great danger facing us, and I wonder if my own ten years of investigation haven't misled me—for I am of the opinion that the flying saucers, though their existence is beyond all doubt, are not a menace to us. I have a feeling that behind this veil of secrecy is nothing but an admission that the Pentagon (or the government if you prefer) knows less than I do about what flying saucers are.

When Dr. Dryden said there were no flying saucers, he was speaking from the experience of never having seen one. When I say there are, I speak from the evidence of six personal sightings, and thousands of reliable sightings by others.

Is the government hiding saucer facts? Yes! But it's the poorest job of secrecy on record!

And if they ever decide to tell, I wonder how they'll get anybody to believe them?

THE END



THE SAUCERS STILL PATROL OUR SKIES

By KENNETH ARNOLD

Kenneth Arnold was born March 29, 1915, in Sebeka, Minnesota. He was educated at Minot, North Dakota. Interested in athletics, he was all-state end in 1932-33. His football career under Bernie Bierman of Minnesota was interrupted by a knee injury. In 1938 he was employed by Red Comet, Inc., manufacturers of automatic fire-fighting apparatus. In 1940 he established his own fire control supply company known as the Great Western Fire Control Supply.

He handles, distributes and installs fire-fighting apparatus in five states, using his own private plane in his work, landing in pastures, and on mountain meadows. His present residence is in Boise, Idaho, and his latest business venture is Uranium prospecting and developing, having formed his own company known as the Solar-X Uranium Corporation. He has made Uranium discoveries or developed discoveries in six states. He is married and has three children.

TODAY, ten years almost to the day after I first sighted the mysterious aircraft I called flying saucers, I have one real satisfaction — nobody's knocked them out of the air, nor the props out from under my story!

It gives me a strange feeling, even now, to realize that

although the saucers were there before then, I was actually the discoverer of the disks, and that I gave them their name. As I look back, I regret the comparison that I made: "they were like saucers flying through the air." For ten years I've been the butt of the very unfunny type of

joke that brings in a complete assortment of additional dinnerware to go along with the saucers. Maybe if I'd called them "unidentified flying objects," nobody would have paid any attention to my sighting—but as it was, the public fancy was gripped by my descriptive words, and flying saucers they are, even today—and I expect they always will be.

I don't know how many times I am asked (almost daily) whether or not there *actually* are flying saucers. This in spite of the fact that my story has been the most widely published story of the century. Now, since *Amazing Stories*, whose editor in 1947, Ray Palmer, was the first man to give me serious and honest consideration, has asked me to give my present impressions, I'll give the basic facts so as to correct many distortions. But before I do, I'd like to mention what, to me, is a strange story all in itself. *Amazing Stories*, which I've read since boyhood, is supposed to be a fiction magazine, but the fact remains that when the world was laughing its head off at me and my flying saucers, it was giving me the opportunity for the solid kind of research and investigation that magazines

like **LIFE** and **TIME*** never even thought of, perhaps because they lacked the necessary spark of imagination and vision that really makes this world go around.

On Tuesday, June 24th, 1947, I had finished my work for the Central Air Service at Chehalis, Washington, and at about two o'clock in the afternoon I took off from Chehalis airport with the intention of going to Yakima, Washington. My trip was delayed for about an hour while I indulged in a search for a large Marine transport that supposedly went down near or around the southwest side of Mt. Rainier.

I flew directly toward Mt. Rainier after reaching an altitude of about 9,500 feet, which is the approximate elevation of the high plateau from which Mt. Rainier rises. I had made one sweep of this high plateau to the westward, searching all of the various ridges for this Marine ship and flew to the west down and

*The "Tacoma Incident" concerns a report of the explosion of a flying saucer over Maury Island in Tacoma Harbor. In the ensuing investigation, Air-Force Intelligence was called in and two intelligence men were killed in the crash of their plane carrying the fragments back to San Francisco for analysis. The Air Force later called this incident a hoax engineered by Ray Palmer. According to Palmer it began with Fred Crisman, former Air-Force pilot in Burma. Crisman, Palmer said, originally sent the fragments to Palmer and made the claim they were from a saucer. The real truth of this unfortunate affair may never be known.

near the ridge side of the canyon where Ashford, Washington is located.

Unable to see anything that looked like the lost ship, I made a 360 degree turn to the right, and above the little city of Mineral, started again toward Rainier. I climbed back to an altitude of approximately 9,200 feet.

The air was so smooth that it was a real pleasure flying, and as most pilots do when the air is smooth and they are flying at a higher altitude, I trimmed out my airplane in the direction of Yakima, which was almost directly east of my position, and simply sat in my plane observing the sky and terrain.

There was a DC-4 to the left and to the rear of me approximately fifteen miles distant and, I should judge, at 14,000 feet elevation.

The sky and air were clear as crystal. I had not flown more than a few minutes on my course when a bright flash reflected on my airplane. It startled me as I thought I was too close to some other aircraft. I looked everywhere in the sky and couldn't find the cause of the reflection until I glanced to the left and north of Mt. Rainier where I observed a chain of nine peculiar-looking aircraft flying

from north to south at approximately 9,500 feet elevation and going, it seemed in a definite direction of about 170 degrees north to south.

They were approaching Mt. Rainier very rapidly, and I assumed they were jet planes. Anyhow, this was the source of the reflection, as two or three of them every few seconds would dip or change their course slightly, just enough for the sun to strike them at an angle that reflected brightly in my eyes.

These objects, being quite far away, were difficult to identify as to shape or as to formation. But very shortly they approached Mt. Rainier and I observed their outline against the snow very clearly. I thought it very peculiar that I couldn't find their tails, but assumed they were some new type of jet. I decided to clock their speed.

I had two definite points—Mt. Rainier and Mt. Adams—to clock them by, and the air was so clear that it was easy to see objects and determine their approximate shape and size as far as fifty miles.

I remember distinctly that my sweep-second hand on my eight-day clock, which is located on my instrument panel, read one minute to three P.M.

as the first object of this formation passed the southern edge of Mt. Rainier. I watched these objects with great interest, as I had never before observed airplanes flying so close to the mountain tops, flying directly south to southeast down the hog's back of a mountain range. I would estimate their elevation could have varied a thousand feet one way or the other, but they were pretty much on the horizon to me, which would indicate they were near the same elevation as my own ship.

They flew as I have frequently observed geese to fly, in a rather diagonal chainlike line as if they were linked together. They held a definite direction, but swerved in and out between the high mountain peaks. Their speed at the time did not impress me particularly because I knew that our army and air forces had planes that went very fast.

What bothered me as I watched them flip and flash in the sun along their path was the fact that I couldn't make out any tail on them, and I am sure that any pilot would justify more than a second look at such a plane.

I observed them quite plainly, and I estimate my dis-

tance from them to have been between twenty and twenty-five miles. I knew they must be very large to permit me to observe their shape at that distance, even on as clear a day as this was. In fact, I compared a zeus fastener or cowlng tool I had in my pocket with them, holding it up on them and holding it up on the DC-4 to my left, and they seemed smaller than the DC-4; but I should judge their span would have been as wide as the farthest engines on each side of the fuselage of the DC-4.

The more I observed these objects, the more upset I became, as I am familiar with most all aircraft whether I am close to the ground or at higher altitudes.

I observed the chain of objects passing another snow-covered ridge between Mt. Rainier and Mt. Adams, and as the first one was passing the south crest of this ridge, the last one was entering the north crest.

As I was flying in the direction of this particular ridge, I measured it and found it to be approximately five miles, so I could safely assume that the chain of saucer-like objects was at least five miles long. I could quite accurately determine their pathway due

to the fact that there were several of them as well as higher peaks on the other side of their pathway. In flying to this ridge, I determined more accurately, also, that my distance from the aircraft had been twenty-three miles.

As the last unit of this formation passed the northernmost high snow-covered crest of Mt. Adams, I looked at my sweep-second hand. I found that they had traveled the distance from the crest of Mt. Rainier in one minute and forty-two seconds. Even at this time I was not particularly upset by the timing as I was confident that after I landed there would be a satisfactory explanation of what I had seen.

My complete observation of these objects was around two and one-half to three minutes.

When the objects were flying approximately straight and level, they were just a thin black line, and the only time I could get a judgment as to their sizes was when they flipped.

All of them were in the shape of saucers, except one, which was crescent-shaped.

When I landed, I and other pilots figured out the speed, using a map, and when the resultant figure seemed too fantastic, we measured from the

bases of the mountains, instead of the crests, and even then the distance was 39.8 miles. This gave us a speed of some 1350 miles per hour; but today I realize that the speed was actually much more than that, and that our estimate of over 1800 miles per hour was actually conservative.

Since that day I have been fortunate enough to have observed similar objects (and some not so similar), and have even gotten movie films of them. All this has done nothing but confirm the fact of my first sighting, and considering the evidence that has been amassed in ten years, it is incredible to me that anyone can doubt even for a moment the existence of those things I called flying saucers.

There are a few remarks I want to make that seem to me to be important after ten years. I remember when Ray Palmer sent me up to Tacoma, Washington to investigate what (to me) is far more fantastic a story than my first sighting, and about which I am sure the real truth has never been told. Ray Palmer paid me to make that trip, which is more than much bigger magazines offered me. What happened to me (and to Captain E. J. Smith of

United Airlines) is too long a story to detail here, but one point has stuck in my mind: After Brown and Davidson were killed, Ray Palmer told me in a phone call that nobody would find out what the flying saucers were, or capture one—and today, ten years later, that boy is still right! You hear a lot of talk about landings, of people who have ridden in them, of wrecked ships with little men in them being taken apart by the army, and so on. To stories like that I say put up or shut up. I don't believe them!

I know, and you should know by now too, flying saucers are *real*. Even Congress has been informed by many experts that they are real. Perhaps there is a great deal of secrecy, especially in high government circles, and it may be that the government knows more than it admits knowing; but it is my personal opinion that if the flying saucers are from other planets or star systems, the people of the world are entitled to know the facts concerning them. I've told my story to thousands of people, and I've never yet managed to panic one of them although they obviously believed me.

Today, in my business,

which takes in a great deal of flying, I meet many pilots, and always the scuttlebutt turns to flying saucers, and the number of pilots who are familiar with the sky mysteries and who have seen the non-existent things is astonishing to me—and yet not so astonishing, because any person with average eyesight can hardly mistake what he is seeing when they go zipping by.

Perhaps they are all mechanical, but from my own observations, and from stories I hear from other pilots, I believe there are several different kinds of U. F. O. (if you prefer that to calling them flying saucers). I'm fairly well convinced that there is a type of living creature in our atmosphere as well as mechanical contrivances. At least some of the things I've seen exhibit the characteristics of a living thing more than they do of a mechanical thing. Yet, the chain of nine objects I saw over Mt. Rainier was definitely aircraft of some kind. It may be that the other things are from inside these craft . . . who knows?

What I have said here is actually, to the best of my knowledge, all that is definitely known of flying saucers. The details of sightings may vary, but as to actual progress

toward a solution of the mystery, I think there has been little of a definite nature added to what I reported ten years ago.

There has been a lot of scheming in an effort to make money on the subject of flying saucers, and a lot of crack-pots have come along. I don't pay much attention to them. Today I treat flying saucers as something that happened to me, and therefore I know it is real. I know that others have had the same experience, and their sightings have confirmed my own. But my actual activities are not directed toward them, except as may accidentally occur to me. I am a very busy man, developing and discovering uranium deposits from the air, and I feel that this is a much better way to make money than in any activity concerning the disks. I've never made a dime out of them, and it has cost more in time and money than in returns from publishing my book, which probably had one fault, it was too honest and straightforward, and lacking in the element of fantasy that too often strays into this flying saucer picture.

I have a feeling that the flying saucer is becoming daily more and more respectable,

and that no matter what the future offers in the way of actually producing one, and finally proving them, the impact on our civilization has been one that is extremely hard to estimate. They've come into our lives out of the wild blue yonder, and they've made us do a lot more thinking than we've realized. What that thinking will lead to is problematical, but it should broaden us, temper us with the knowledge that we actually aren't alone in the universe.

To me the saucers prove we're only one race of many, perhaps of millions of races. And my impression is that we aren't by far the most advanced! In fact, if you had been with me that day on Mt. Rainier, you'd have felt pretty small and insignificant. There was something awesome in that chain of flying objects, weaving in and out between the mountains at impossible speeds. Other sightings which have been made and accurately clocked by other means have made the speed of the objects I saw seem slow by comparison. Speeds up to 18,000 miles per hour have been observed.

I watch with interest as we prepare to launch satellites into space, and there is actual talk of when we'll reach the

moon and other planets. Maybe there is a definite purpose for the flying saucers showing themselves. If we're going "out there," it certainly would be better for us to know in advance we're not going to be mighty lords and masters of everything we stick a flag

into! We should beware.

As an early reader of *Amazing Stories*, I was always fascinated by the imaginative powers of its authors, but now I've seen for myself, and it's imagination no longer.

I wonder what the next ten years will bring? **THE END**



SULLIVAN

"By George, Kinkaid, we were right!"

THE ALIENS ARE AMONG US

By GRAY BARKER

Quoting Mr. Gray Barker, one of the "big names" in the U.F.O. picture: "I am primarily a business man, mainly occupied with a substantial film booking concern in the West Virginia area. I became interested in U.F.O. when I became convinced—as a result of a local incident—that the saucers are extraterrestrial. Investigation has confirmed this idea in my mind again and again. Many others are of the same opinion if the sale of "They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers" is any indication. The book has gone into three printings and the sale approximates 20,000 copies." Mr. Barker is planning a new book—"even more sensational than his first." He also publishes "The Saucerian," a bi-monthly magazine.

JULY 2, 1950, is a day Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Harvey will long remember. For although few of their friends believed their story, on that day they looked almost beyond the stars and saw terror.

Maybe it was the terror of the almost unreal, or something alien and unexplainable.

Or something so different from human experience the mind was repelled by it.

On that day Mr. and Mrs. Harvey saw something from another world.

They had been fishing most of the day in Sawbill Bay, near Steep Rock Lake, Ontario, Canada. Before starting home

they tied up their small boat in a little cove which curved off the main part of the bay. After sandwiches and tea they were ready to push off when a deep vibration, peculiarly without noise, shook them. Harvey clambered up over some rocks to look over the bay.

There, resting on the water a few hundred yards away, was a large shiny circular object.

Startled, Harvey made a dive back to where his wife was still sitting, tried to tell her what he had seen. Cautiously they both climbed up and peered over the rocks.

It was still there. It looked like two big saucers stuck together, one upside-down on top of the other. What appeared to be portholes about four feet apart circled the top edge of the thing. Near the center were hatch covers, standing open. In the exact center a hoop-shaped object, which they guessed was some kind of antenna, slowly rotated.

But the figures—or little men—or *things*, monopolized Harvey's attention. They walked more like robots than men.

The things—ten of them—moved around on the surface of the machine, apparently

following the movement of the antenna. All were dressed similarly except one, which stood under the hoop-like affair, apparently directing the strange operation. He, or it, wore a red skull cap, while the others' caps were dark blue. The four-foot figures wore a shiny metallic substance over their chests; on the legs and arms was a darker material. It was impossible to see their faces. *Harvey had the impression they were not faces at all—just blank surfaces!*

The Harveys couldn't be certain of all the details, because they didn't take too long a look. It seemed they were watching something they shouldn't see—something that didn't belong here on the earth, and they wanted to get out of there, quickly! But if they rowed out of the cove, they knew they would be in direct view of whatever strange creatures they were lucky enough to regard without being seen.

One thing he had noticed carefully, and which impressed him more than any other part of the experience, was the odd locomotion of the figures.

In Harvey's own words: "They moved like automatons, and did not turn around—

they just changed the direction of their feet. Walking on the angle of the surface the leg on the high side seemed to go shorter so that they did not walk with a limp."

Abruptly the antenna stopped turning, and at the same time the little figures also stopped walking, apparently focusing their attentions on something in the bushes opposite the Harveys. The Harveys looked, also, to see what the unearthly radar had discovered. Their eyes caught a movement in the bushes; then a deer stepped from the brush, came to the water's edge. The deer held the figures' interest for a short while, then the weird revolvings resumed and the little men again took up their odd walking.

One of the creatures interrupted its strange perambulations to pick up a hose, which was a vivid green, and walk to the other side of the machine with it. It was then Harvey also discovered that the creatures were drawing in water from the lake, and discharging the same amount, as if examining it or extracting something from it.

If the antenna had been able to spot the deer, it would soon discover them, too, and realiz-

ing this the Harveys ducked down behind the rocks. The rocks must have blocked whatever kind of ray or radar was being used, for the next time they marshaled courage to take a peek the antenna had passed them.

Ducking again they held a hurried council of action. If they fled, the creatures might spot them. They decided to stay put.

In a few minutes they cautiously looked again. Everything had disappeared from the surface of the machine and it apparently was leaving! It had risen about eight feet into the air. Then it tilted to about a 45° angle and with a great "swoosh" made such a rapid departure it was almost impossible for their eyes to follow its exit.

After pausing to read over what I have just written, I realize this account sounds very much like the science fiction stories this magazine regularly prints. Since few will believe it actually happened, maybe it is best that it should appear here. Because it sounds like science fiction the names of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Harvey are not actual names. The couple knew people would ridicule them and refuse to believe their experience. So when they wrote

their story for the *Steep Rock Echo*, a house magazine of the enormous Steep Rock Iron Mines, they asked the editor to omit their names.

B. F. Eyton, editor of the publication, said that while he couldn't verify the story one way or another, he could state it was written by a senior employee of the mine, a man who held a responsible position. The editor also stated others had reported strange flying objects in the vicinity around the same date.

I believe the story is true. At one time, however, I didn't. That was before something from space landed practically in my backyard and scared seven of my neighbors half to death! Since then I have investigated a number of other similar happenings. A host of reports from eyewitnesses indicate the earth is under surveillance by alien intelligences, and that beings from beyond it have actually landed here!

Though difficult to believe, the account I have just written contains some logic. A good science fiction story would have the space visitors employed at some enterprise more romantic, such as visiting the president with an ultimatum about atomic bombs,

for example—or breaking into television programs with dire warnings to earth people.

Instead, the aliens appeared to be engaged in mundane things. They were doing what earth people would be doing when, in the future, they explored another planet. If they found water there, space pioneers would test it; they would observe the environment carefully, probably, by that time in the future, with a weird scanning device.

Which brings us to another account of alleged saucer people, though it is almost classic in simplicity. In this case the saucerian was concerned with getting a simple bucket of water from a creek. But it was like no other bucket on the face of the earth. It had a flat bottom and a bail, but the sides flared out like segments of a cone.

John Q. Black and his partner, John J. Van Allen, operated titanium diggings in a remote section near Brush Creek, in Butte County, California. On April 20, 1953, they saw a saucer-shaped object passing soundlessly against a hillside near their diggings. They didn't think too much about it, for they were not sophisticated enough to read about or discuss fly-

ing saucers. But exactly one month later on May 20, Black had reason to reflect on the earlier sighting. For on that day he happened to come over the top of a rock and discover a saucer-shaped thing close-up, hovering over a sandbar about 150 feet away. It looked like the same thing he had seen previously as it took off with a hissing noise.

Black and his partner probably spent the long evenings talking about the incident, but it was not until one month after the second sighting, June 20, that the miners decided to notify local authorities. For on that day Black came face to face with the unknown.

He was in the woods when he saw a small person bent down in the creek bed. He thought it must be a boy fishing, so he paid little attention. Later, further down the stream, he glanced at the creek again and there, only 40 feet away, was the fisherman, but a fisherman apparently many miles from home.

It was a little man about four feet tall who wore green trousers, a jacket and a tie, and who appeared like a normal person, Black said, except for the small stature and somewhat odd dress. He was broad-shouldered, rather good

looking, but he walked stiffly, as if his muscles were cramped. The little man was quite pale. Black put it, "He looked like someone who had never been in the sun much."

The miner wasn't frightened, only curious, as he crept closer. He could see that the stranger was trying to fill the unusual bucket, made of some shiny metal, in the shallow stream. Black stepped on a dry stick, and the little man heard the noise, looked up and down the creek. Apparently he didn't see Black, who had hidden behind some bushes. Then, bucket and all, he ran from the stream toward a machine, which then drew Black's attention.

It was the same contraption he and Van Allen had seen in the air, though now he could view the detailed structure of the thing. It, too, looked like two saucers joined together, though Black said "soup plates." It must have been about eight feet in diameter, about four and a half feet thick at the center, was a shiny metallic color. He supposed the opening in the side of the machine was a window, though he couldn't see through it.

The little man hurriedly reached the contrivance, then

quickly climbed up the pipe-like understructure on which it rested, and from which hand-holds jutted like spikes on telephone poles. Here Black noticed the oddly flexible shoes, which curled around each spike as the creature climbed upward. When all of the body above the knees had vanished through an opening in the base, the little man seemed to sit down and lift up his legs. The saucer-shaped craft rocked as he got in, then the base was quickly retracted into the body. Quickly, and with a hissing noise, the machine took off. Black said he couldn't see any visible means of propulsion.

Black told his story to a deputy sheriff and the account got on the news wires. Crowds flocked to Brush Creek, hoping the saucer would put in another appearance. But the large gathering which waited at Brush Creek on that date were disappointed; the saucer didn't show up.

Meanwhile the nation laughed at the story, one which seemed too ridiculous, too much like science fiction to believe. Other residents of the area who knew the miners vouched for their integrity. Miss Vi Belcher, owner of a general store at a nearby village, assured reporters the

miners "were not drinking men." Instead, she said, they customarily consumed large quantities of orange pop.

And Black, in thinking over the experience, reaffirmed the truthfulness of his story:

"It's too deep for me. I'm just a miner. I know that I saw it. My conscience is clear, and I have a clear record."

Whether or not Black had experienced an hallucination, the story seemed to fit in with other accounts. The Steep Rock Lake saucer crew and the little man seen by Black had been concerned with water, that much jived.

In Caracas, Venezuela, saucerians were concerned with handfuls of earth, only this time the little men were bolder. They did battle with two people who tried to capture them!

Gustavo Gonzales and a helper, Jose Ponce, operated a grocery delivery service in Caracas. On November 28, in that same strange year, 1953, they were on their way to the suburbs to load up their panel truck. Suddenly Gonzales braked the truck to a screaming halt upon reaching a street leading to a sausage factory, for there, blocking their way, was a luminous sphere, eight to ten feet in diameter, hover-

ing about six feet from the middle of the street.

They leaped from the truck to investigate, were even more surprised to discover a dwarf-like creature near the sphere. Gonzales made a grab for the creature, intending to put it into the truck. When he seized the little man he noted the unusual lightness of the body, which felt like stiff hair and was very hard.

But he did not reckon with the strength and agility of the little creature. With one push the dwarf knocked him 15 feet!

Meanwhile Ponce was distracted from the struggle by two other little men who emerged from some bushes holding handfuls of earth. With this new development, and Gonzales' losing battle to consider, Ponce thought it time to make a disorderly retreat to the traffic inspector's office just around the corner.

The two other dwarfs jumped into the sphere through an opening in the side, but the one Gonzales had grappled with leaped into the air six feet and came at him, eyes glowing with hatred. Gonzales pulled out a large pocket knife, and as the creature approached him with claw-like hands extended, he made a stab for the shoulder.

To his surprise the blade slid off as if it had struck metal.

By that time one of the little men who had fled to the sphere emerged, apparently to break up the fracas, carrying a tube-like affair which he pointed at Gonzales. The weapon shot a blinding light at him, incapacitating him momentarily, but he did see the dwarf he had been fighting and the one with the weapon jump into the sphere, which shot up into the air and was soon lost to sight.

Overcome with exhaustion and fright, the two men related the experience to unbelieving policemen, who thought they were drunk. But when they examined the two men, found them sober, the officers took them to a doctor who gave them sedatives and kept Gonzales under observation for several days.

Local skeptics grew more credulous when they heard a similar story related by another man. That witness, a local typesetter, was in his launch on November 4 when he saw a luminous sphere suspended off the ground a little way from the shore. He approached the spot, tied up the launch, and while some Indians who were with him fled in terror he hid behind some bushes and rocks to watch.

He, too, saw three little men, who were making repeated trips to the sphere with handfuls of earth.

Was it science fiction, made up by imaginative people, or was our planet the unknowing host of unearthly visitors? Somehow it seemed the stories rang with truth; somehow it seemed there must be some fire among the smoke. For one thing, visitation by alien creatures was logical. Already rocket enthusiasts were talking of building satellites which would take the first leap into space. After that, given several years of research and invention, man might land on the moon. Then it would be only a matter of time and money until man had flung himself to the farthest reaches of the solar system, and conceivably the distant galaxies.

If mankind planned such exploration, maybe someone else, or *something* else, on some other world, had similar ideas for exploration, or even conquest. Maybe someone else on some other world was ahead of mankind in technology. Only a hundred years would be sufficient!

If some close planet, such as Mars, were inhabited, and life throughout the universe

evolved according to environmental conditions, space visitors could not be expected to resemble humankind except in basic ways. For Mars and other planets man knew about would not support higher orders of life known on Earth. Space visitors might be so different they would be completely incompatible with man's thinking!

But if extraterrestrials were indeed on Earth, occupied with gathering samples of soil and water, would it not be logical that they eventually turn their attentions to collecting specimens of man himself?

Perhaps they already had!

For example, there was the strange case of Oliver Larch, a youth of South Bend, Ind., who walked outside his house on Christmas Eve, 1889, and was never seen or heard from again.

On that night the Larch family was entertaining a group of friends, sent 11-year-old Oliver to the well for a bucket of water. A few seconds later they heard the boy scream for help.

They rushed outside, but saw no trace of Oliver. Instead they heard terrible cries, coming from overhead. The terror-stricken voice grew fainter as it cried over and

over again, "HELP! HELP! THEY'VE GOT ME!"

Near the well they found the overturned bucket, and Oliver's tracks, which ended abruptly. There was no sign of struggle. Whatever had got Oliver had grabbed him quickly, powerfully, and for all time. The family spent years of search and investigation without result.

But the Oliver Larch disappearance happened a long time ago. The year 1889 sounds so remote the story loses reality.

In fifty years skeptics will shrug off another incident, if they have not already done so. Near Marshall, Mich., three frightened youths relate an account of a frightful ordeal with tears in their eyes.

The hesitating voices tell how the three youths, Otto Collins, 20, and two brothers, Herman and Philip Williams, 20 and 17, returned home after Saturday night dates in nearby Marshall. The boys were itinerant laborers, working a cucumber crop, and lived in a small shack provided for pickers.

About 11:30, p. m. during the month of May, 1956, Philip stepped outside the building for some fresh air, was startled by a huge figure

lurking in the shadows. He ran into the house, shouted for the others. Herman searched for a shotgun as the other two went outside to investigate.

"It must have been behind us," Philip states, "for all at once I felt arms wrapping around me, and I was hoisted from the ground!"

Herman, who couldn't find the gun, heard screams and ran to their aid. He started their car, turned it around and threw the lights in the direction of the cries for help.

Before him was a terrifying sight. A huge hairy creature had a boy under each of its arms, was carrying them away. As the lights flashed on the thing, it appeared startled, veered in its walk so that it brushed a table at the end of the house, where it lost its balance momentarily and dropped Otto to the ground.

Otto sprang to his feet, pushed at the creature, causing it to release Philip. Apparently frustrated, the thing retreated into the shadows.

Otto said he got a good look at it. The body was covered with heavy hair or fur. "It had big green eyes. They were big as light bulbs. They were enough to scare you to death!"

The Marshall story recalled another account from South

America, reported to the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization of Almgordo, N. M.

Two teenagers of Carora, Venezuela, were out hunting when they were attacked by four little men, about three feet tall. The dwarfs grabbed Jesus Gomez, were dragging him toward a sphere-shaped machine when his companion, Lorenzo Flores, beat at the creatures with the butt of his shotgun. According to Flores, the gun butt "seemed to have struck rock or something harder, and the gun broke into two pieces." The creatures then released the youths and fled to the machine.

Elsewhere in Venezuela, in the same year, 1954, Jose Parra, an 18-year-old jockey of Valencia, was out running one day, trying to lose some excess weight, when he encountered a disk-shaped contraption hovering about 10 feet from the ground. Near the machine six hairy little men were busily pulling rocks from the side of the highway and loading them aboard the saucer.

When he started to run one of the little men spotted him, pointed some kind of instrument at him, whereupon a violet light shot from it and

the jockey was unable to move, though he remained conscious. The little men leaped into the saucer and flew away.

The files of those who collect flying saucer accounts contain many other reports of creatures which, if real, could only be alien to the earth. I certainly do not believe all these stories, nor do I give credence to more than half of them. I likely would disbelieve all of them were it not for an incident which occurred near my country home in September, 1952. It was the monster story perhaps most laughed at across the nation.

I am convinced it actually happened. I believe my neighbors are truthful. Seven of them saw the "Flatwoods Monster," as it was called by the news wire services.

In late summer of 1952 I was only superficially interested in flying saucer reports, having read some of the accounts because of my interest in science fiction. When I saw a United Press story written in my home town, I shrugged it off as a hoax.

Some children were playing ball at Flatwoods, W. Va., when they saw a fiery object flash across the sky and apparently land on a hill. Seven

people had gone to investigate, had encountered a "Frankenstein monster with B. O.," according to the story. The monster was 10 feet tall, had "a bright green body and a red face," the account, which dismissed the incident as "mass hysteria," continued.

Since Flatwoods is practically in the backyard of my country home, near Sutton, I decided to drive there and find out for myself just what had been going on. As a result I spent three days investigating the scene of the bizarre incident and questioning the witnesses, came away a very puzzled science fiction fan.

For I was convinced the story my seven neighbors told was true!

It had been a calm, warm late summer evening, when everything seemed normal and the way it should be. The children were, as the newspapers stated, playing ball, when they noticed the fiery object go across the sky and apparently land on the hill.

With more curiosity than fright, five of the children decided to climb the hill and investigate, talked a 17-year-old youth into going along. At the foot of the hill they stopped at the home of Mrs. Kathleen May, mother of two of the children, to borrow a flash-

light and persuade her to accompany them. She thought they were joking until she went out on the porch and looked toward the hilltop. Something odd *was* up there! Something that glowed eerily, pulsating from dim to bright!

She believed it must have been a meteor which had fallen, and, greatly curious, decided to go with the children. It had just grown dark as they ascended the hill.

Near the top they encountered an unusual odor, and a kind of mist, but apparently were not frightened, for they continued the climb.

As they reached the top and looked over into a small ravine, several things happened all at once. They saw a fiery something totally outside their experiences and as they puzzled for a moment, focusing their eyes on the unknown, they failed to see the horror approaching from their left.

The glowing sphere, 50 feet away in the ravine, had first attracted their attention. Some of the witnesses couldn't estimate the size of it, others said it was "big as a house." One of them described it as "just like a big ball of fire," which was pulsating from dim to bright. It was not clear whether it was a complete

sphere, or a hemisphere, resting on the ground.

They didn't know how long they stood there, looking at the sphere, but it must have been a short time. Suddenly one of them thought he saw animal eyes in a tree, flashed his light in that direction.

It was not clearly established whether they just hadn't noticed the thing previously or it had suddenly become lighted, with some strange illumination inside itself. But there, 15 feet away, and towering over their heads, was a vast shape, something like a man. The face, everyone agreed, was round, and blood red. No one noticed a nose or mouth, only eyes, or eye-like openings, from which projected "greenish - orange" beams of light.

Around the red "face" and reaching upward to a point was a dark, hoodlike shape. The body was seen only from the "head" down to the "waist." It appeared dark and colorless to most of the witnesses, though Mrs. May thought she saw clothing-like folds around the body, and terrible claws. No one was sure whether the thing rested on the ground or was floating.

One of the children was particularly emphatic about the

way it moved. Although all said it was moving toward them, the one agreed it was approaching them, but moving in an arc, circling at the same time. His description indicated the "monster" was following a circular path which would take it back to the sphere. During an interview with him I asked him to walk around the room and imitate the movement.

"I couldn't move as it did. It just moved. It didn't walk. It moved evenly."

At the same time all seven were almost overcome by a strong odor, or gas, which they were unable to describe, since they had never encountered anything like it. The nearest they could describe it was that it smelled like "burning metal." Seconds after topping the hill the entire group made a disordered retreat.

A. Lee Stewart, Jr., co-editor of *The Brazton Democrat*, was the first to investigate the hilltop. Hearing of the commotion in Flatwoods, he drove from Sutton, the nearby county seat town, to check on the story. He arrived about 30 minutes after the incident, preceding the county sheriff, who had been away from Sutton when the call for help reached his office.

By that time whatever had

frightened the seven people had gone. Stewart could see nothing unusual on the hilltop. Nor did he smell the odor they had reported. But knowing that some gases settle rapidly, he bent to the ground where he could smell a pungent odor. He said it was irritating, constricted nasal and throat passages.

Returning at seven the following morning, before anyone else visited the hilltop in daylight, he was amazed to find evidence which backed up the story he was hesitating to report in *The Democrat*. About ten feet apart, in the tall grass, were skid marks!

The marks led from the tree where the "monster" was "standing" to the ravine where they had seen the globe. It was as if some huge personage on skis had slid down the hill; however the "skis" had not indented the ground; they had ridden down the tall grass, and tossed a few small stones aside. Where the globe had been reported a huge area of grass appeared to have been crushed down.

It seemed unlikely that someone had perpetrated an elaborate hoax upon the vil-

lagers, for they had seen the "monster" at the same time fiery objects had been observed in the skies of several states.

I cannot hope to explain what seven witnesses saw on a dark West Virginia hilltop; I can only be convinced that they did see *something*—something alien and out of place, something apparently connected with the aerial objects hundreds had seen that night.

Maybe it was a space ship in trouble; maybe the "monster" was a robot, or something from space in a protective suit. Perhaps it landed briefly to observe the countryside: the hilltop was a good vantage point.

But I am convinced that not only in the present decade, but throughout the centuries of recorded history Earth has been visited by aliens. Perhaps they form some basis for mythologies and folklores of nations—or even religions.

The accounts may sound to you like the science fiction stories you customarily read in this magazine.

Perhaps this is best.

THE END

HISTORICAL ASPECT OF THE SAUCERS

By RICHARD S. SHAVER

Richard S. Shaver says—

"I early came to realize that knowledge wasn't exactly found in the precise acceptance of the word—because a lot of things the experts said they 'knew,' they didn't 'know' at all! Too much of knowledge is actually dogma, acceptance of previous statements published in error. Knowledge is in doing, not accepting.

"Accordingly I tried doing and finally started writing.

"It is in this last field that I am most misunderstood. Actually I didn't intend to be a writer. I had something to say, and wanted to say it. Ray Palmer gave me the chance to say it, but he also insisted I be a writer. So I wrote, but always with the truth somewhere in my stories. That truth got me into a lot of trouble. I believe more people hate me because of it than I know—but I also know that more, far more, love me because of it; and in addition feel a certain amount of gratefulness for having given them something that isn't in the books. I believe I made some people think—which is an achievement!

I APPRECIATE the editor of *Amazing Stories* wanting to include me in the special flying saucer factual issue; and it is my personal opinion that I deserve a place there, because I *did* tell its readers about flying saucers before anyone else.

Many thousands of people

have seen flying saucers. Or, rather, they have seen what is more properly called Unidentified Flying Objects. It was a mere happenstance that Kenneth Arnold's catchy phrase describing what he had seen was adopted by the newspapers, and has stuck until today. It will no doubt continue

to stick—and it's fitting that it should, because this flying saucer business is a matter for the whole populace, not just a few. Call them UFO, if you wish; to me they will always be flying saucers.

And, along with those thousands of people, I have also seen flying saucers. I saw them twenty years ago. But I was more fortunate than Kenneth Arnold. I was able to determine a fact he could not possibly have determined. I found out they were not "solid" objects, but something you might relate to a mirage. They were what I call "projections." A sort of television broadcast in which a receiver was not necessary.

Now don't get me wrong—not all sightings are projections. There *are* real space ships, and they *do* visit Earth. They have visited it for thousands of years. But not all flying saucers are from space—most of them are native to this Earth. If you had a secret saucer base on Earth, and you wished to avoid observance, you would try to create a diversion—you would use your projection apparatus to cause saucers to appear where they actually were not, so as to draw attention away from the *real* ship. That is the primary purpose of the projection.

Space travel is older than the pyramids. Other investigators (Charles Fort, as an example) have gathered together evidence of this, which you can read for yourself if you are truly interested in the matter that is readily available. There is a book in print today called the *Oer Linda Boek*, which mentions them, and also mentions the oldest written date deciphered—3700 B. C.

This book mentions flying saucers in ancient Atlantis, and then proceeds to date the sinking of Atlantis as 2139 B. C. It does not mention the Flood of the Bible, but it would seem they were coincident. In the Bible itself there are many accounts of flying saucers. Ezekiel saw one, several times, and actually was taken for a ride in one. Elijah was taken aloft in a "flaming chariot," in the presence of a witness.

Ancient records of India tell of aircraft which rode on a "beam" which conquered gravity.

In our own America, as long as a hundred years ago, huge airships were seen by whole city populations. The same is true of recent years, such as in Farmington, New Mexico.

Legend is full of flying devices, such as magic carpets, witch's broomsticks, winged horses, and rushing whirlwinds that obey the human command.

The ancient city of Babylon was destroyed, archaeologists tell us, by fire. This falls in line with the persistent legend which can be found throughout the ancient world that the city was destroyed by an attack by aircraft which "spat fiery death from their nostrils" and dropped explosive bombs.

In one place we have a discovery of an ancient ruined city, destroyed eight times, and each time rebuilt on the ruins—and in the earliest layer we find the typical "glass" made by fused sand, and the evidence of *melted* stone walls as only an atomic bomb could have caused.

In ancient records, as one studies what remains to be studied, the evidence of a super civilization that once existed on earth is overwhelming. A prime factor in that evidence is the same sort of thing we today call the flying saucer.

It is nothing new!

In more recent times, I can list dozens of sightings which it would be much better for

you to research for yourself, but I will give them briefly:

In Scotland, November 26, 1758: Machines like cones appeared in the night sky, velocity very great, lights so powerful that the most minute object could be seen in the street.

At Koln, Germany, March 10, 1756: A pencil of light, with the emission of incandescent gases.

On May 18, 1710, over Leeds, England: A queer apparition like a trumpet, moving broad end foremost, emitting light. This same machine seen in three countries on the same date.

A "football" of immense size seen over Colchester, England on December 31, 1758.

August 12, 1883, Mexican astronomer Jose A. Y. Bonilla at Zacatecas, Mexico, saw 283 singular bodies pass across the solar disk while watching sunspots through his telescope. The next morning he counted 1166 more!

1880, Kattenau, Germany: An enormous number of luminous bodies rose from the horizon and passed in a horizontal direction from east to west.

Russia, near St. Petersburg, July 30, 1880: A large sphere and two smaller ones, all il-

luminated, moving noiselessly, seen for three minutes.

During the World War, the strange case of the "Foo Fighters" will be remembered. Hundreds of pilots today can verify the existence of these strange disks and lights that so often accompanied them on their bombing missions over Germany.

Saucers? Historically speaking . . . ?

It would be senseless for me to continue an interminable listing of historical evidence. You can gather your own, until you have amassed a vast category. And when you have done so, what will you have? Proof that we are not alone on this Earth, and never have been!

The big question brought up by the history of flying saucers is the question of identity. It is the question that is asked today by every investigator, from the military and governmental agencies, to the veriest tyro in the street who cranes his neck and sees Venus and gets all excited.

I have seen them. I say also that they come from vast caverns inside the earth.

In 1944 I wrote and described flying saucers, giving intimate details of appearance, pattern of flight, nature of

propulsion, and described conditions in the upper atmosphere and in space which were not then known as fact. Today, almost every detail of factual information which I described is a matter of record due to rocket exploration of the upper atmosphere and of space, and of information worked out because of observance and performance of flying saucers. How could I have described Kenneth Arnold's saucers in advance, unless I knew? Especially the "saucer" appearance, which appears nowhere in older records?

When I outlined the details of Einstein's last theory—that magnetism and gravity are not things of themselves, but only manifestations of some other single phenomena—in the pages of *Amazing Stories* years before the mathematical wizard expounded them, I was derided. Yet I knew them because of observation of the aircraft later known as flying saucers. Today our government is spending money investigating the very propulsive forces I outlined; magnetism, anti-gravity, photonics, ionics. In my stories I described space ships propelled by accelerated ions, jet-expelled and told of how ships were trailed by instruments that could detect these ions in

space, and thus pursue a ship which had passed days before at speeds near that of light. Now we have our government actually working on an ion motor!

History is not found in history books, in the main. The real history is found in more concealed and camouflaged places. Legend is especially rich in disguised history. Much fiction is written to carry a truth, and avoid being pilloried or burned at the stake for relating it. A wonderful example is the description of the two moons of Mars in fiction centuries before the telescope's eye confirmed them to the last detail, even to precise size and orbital motion! How did Swift know these moon's existed?

I believe I know how he knew, and the very fact of his knowing strengthens me in the knowledge that my own experiences are valid. Mars moon are not moons, I know. They are what we call "satellite vehicles." They are made of metal. Their albedo is that of polished metal. Any astronomer can tell you that. Swift knew it, and I know it, and astronomers know it. But because man has been so egotistic as to make himself the highest form of life in the universe, and the only intelligent

life, he has always refused to admit to the contrary evidence all around him.

If you wish to prove saucers, don't wait to see one—because even then you most likely will be looking at a deliberately created illusion. Instead examine the history of the past, written, legendary, archaeological, geological, and anthropological—and you cannot but be convinced.

There will be more, much more, to *add* to the history of flying saucers, upon that you can depend. Having been around this long, they will not go away because you now know they are there. They have ignored you for thousands of years, and will continue to ignore you—unless you interfere seriously with their activities. And if you do, you will find your own history being written by flying saucers—and to your detriment!

In closing my history, I'd like to name a few things which I'm sure are not "historical" in the sense that they are true. I refer to those people of today who go about lecturing on how they have travelled in flying saucers, and of how these saucer people are benevolent creatures intent on saving the Earth from their own H-bomb folly, and bring-

ing a so-sweet message of peace and love. I don't doubt that in some cases these people are speaking what to them is truth, but I can only feel downcast at the ease with which they are being deceived by scientific instruments and energies they cannot even suspect exist.

If their stories were true, should we expect aid from them now who have not given it in many thousands of years? No, these dreams are empty ones. History proves them so.

The saucers, historically and presently provable, are real. They are in our skies. They have nothing to do with us, and do not intend to have

anything to do with us. They will continue to be around. They are the products of intelligent races far beyond us in capability.

They are not angels in disguise.

They are not the spirits of the dead.

They are not from another dimension.

They are not from heaven or hell.

They are other human races far more favored than we, and it is sad indeed to contemplate that it is so.

I sincerely pray that we can change the record of history, and make contact. It would mean an infinite enrichment of our lives!

THE END

A newly discovered star (known only as L886-6, and which is only about one-third as large as the earth) has such a tremendous gravitational pull that a man weighing only 150 pounds on the earth would suddenly find himself weighing at least a couple of million pounds if he were ever to set foot on this tiny star.

OUTER SPACE SAUCERS—A MYTH!

By

OLIVER P. FERRELL

Oliver P. Ferrell is credited with having independently discovered the radar detection of meteor trails (published in Physical Review, January 15, 1946). His plan for tracking and sizing mysterious ionic clouds some 65 miles above the surface of the earth (published in Science & Culture, Calcutta, India, May, 1944) was adopted by the U. S. Air Force in 1948.

From 1949 through 1952, he served as Project Supervisor under Air Force Cambridge Research Laboratories contracts AF19(122)-72 and AF19(122)-242. These projects evaluated the radio observations of 600 observers scattered throughout the western hemisphere. The results of these contracts (135,000 observations) have not been published, but information obtained during this period has become a guide to research during the International Geophysical Year.

From 1952 to 1954, Mr. Ferrell was Managing Editor of CQ, a magazine devoted to radio amateurs. Since then, he has served as Managing Editor of Popular Electronics, a magazine which encourages hobby interest in electronics.

THE OTHER NIGHT, two saucer "experts" lectured on UFO in the main ballroom of a New York hotel. This writer attended. The tickets were a dollar and a quarter, the chairs were hard and uncomfortable, and the place was as hot as the Gobi at high noon. But these annoyances

were mild to what happened during the ensuing ninety minutes.

According to the publicity, our two experts had had personal contact with extraterrestrials in flying saucers, and they were here to tell us all about it. They did tell us in such vivid detail that five hun-

dred people sat spellbound, hanging on every word. The first to speak had such a fine presence and rhetorical skill that thirty minutes passed before I woke up and realized what was going on; realized that here was a team of estimable gentlemen who had come to the platform without one single shred of tangible evidence to back up a yarn so wild as to make Dorothy's adventures in Oz highly factual by comparison.

In short, the whole thing was completely ridiculous.

But the flying saucer myth can't be banished by laughter, so the question arises—exactly what is it? We have here an amazing phenomenon that is achieving continuity from almost every public information channel in existence. It has developed such weight as to force the already overloaded military branches of our government to take official notice or be accused of laxity. The saucers are being discussed everywhere. Books filled with idiotic sensationalism are selling out edition after edition while those—and here may be a key to the popularity of the fantastic myth—written by serious-minded men honestly trying to set down facts, aren't selling nearly as well.

And of course the old cliché pops us as it always does relative to "promotions" of this sort: *The Government is suppressing the facts*. This canard is being shouted by irresponsibles from coast-to-coast, while the harried air force is expending valuable time and money in sending high-powered aircraft after the mirages, optical illusions, or plain weather balloons, which are seen and reported by sometimes hysterical observers.

Not only are the authorities dutifully pursuing these phantoms, but they are publishing and distributing reports on their own procedure and findings. These are available to all. I would suggest you study the air force reports in this issue and see if by any stretch of imagination you are able to read into them any intrigue, cloak-and-dagger double-dealing, or any intent whatsoever to deceive. The reports are exactly what they purport to be—details of an honest effort to get at truth.

Now let's analyze a little of the "Incontestable evidence" that's kicking around the country in support of flying saucer authenticity. In relation to the government censorship angle, there are some "men in black coats" who show up very

mysteriously to interview any citizen who is unfortunate enough to have made direct contact with the extraterrestrial saucer jockeys. These government agents have never actually been seen by anyone. But almost everyone has a friend who knew someone who was told by another that the black coats talked to a friend who had seen a ship. And as a result of the interview, this person shut up like a clam and was never heard to speak again. Naturally, evidence like this—which would of course stand up in any court—is unassailable proof that the government has agents roaming the land. Solid evidence indeed, but let's hope that if you're ever up for murder, the evidence of your innocence is a trifle more solid.

In the realm of tangibles calculated to prove the saucers came from outer space, we have pieces of smashed ships; we have the skeletons of small space dwellers who came afoul of our atmosphere and died far from home. I believe also, one "witness" who was picked up on a desert and was given a quick ride to some far point and back, was so ungrateful as to steal a piece of spaceship furniture when he left the ship. Sadly, enough, our friend lost the piece, it was

stolen while he was enroute to the nearest bar for a double pick-me-up, or else the blame thing was disintegrated by a ray gun from outer space.

In short, how ridiculous can we get?

Take the dead-body bit. On-the-spot accounts of the deaths of extraterrestrials can be found in a best-selling book on flying saucers. But you can rest assured that no one inside the government or out—inside any research laboratory or out—inside any insane asylum or out—has ever seen the dead body of a space invader.

Another spot of proof has been conjured up around the famous *Project Blue Book*, a report compiled by the Air Force on UFO. Rumor—and what could possibly be better evidence? — has it that the report is brimful of actual air-force contacts with space ships; that it proves beyond doubt the existence of the aliens among us.

As a matter of cold fact, and I speak from personal knowledge, the report is merely an expansion of the release you can read here and now by turning the pages of this magazine. It says the same thing, comes to the same conclusion: *We found no evidence whatsoever of the existence of outer*

space craft of any description.

In due time, *Project Blue Book* will be printed and made available to anyone who wants to mail ten cents to cover costs. And I'll bet that not one of of ten of those who have been shouting *Coverup* will bother to send for a copy. After all, truth can be pretty dull.

One more point: The time-worn cliché, "Take me to your leader," may look ridiculous as the caption of a cartoon, but doesn't it actually make sense? Isn't it far more ridiculous to conceive a superintelligent race that would *not* seek out the leaders on a strange planet? Yet we are asked to believe these extra-terrestrials contact only persons without authority and always by dark of night or in

some remote, uninhabited section of the country.

This, to me, is hardly a sign of intelligence.

The foregoing may well indicate me to be a stubborn cynic, irrevocably wedded to the negative in this matter. Actually, I am not. So what would make me a believer? The same thing that would push me to the other side of any proposition. Evidence. Even a small bit of undeniable evidence. And this does not constitute something flashing across the sky. But if you can bring me a souvenir I can have analyzed, classified, and labeled as definitely coming from outer space, I'll become an enthusiastic convert.

Or better yet, ask the next flying saucer man to stop off and speak to me.

THE END

A list of available books on flying saucers for those who wish to go more deeply into the subject was prepared for this issue by Ray Palmer. However, lack of space forced us to delay its publication for one month. The list will therefore appear in the November issue of *Amazing Stories*, on the newsstands October 10.

LET'S GET DOWN TO FACTS

By
MARY
GRABKOWICZ

You've noticed, of course, that every writer appearing in this Saucer forum is overburdened with personal opinion. Therefore, bias in one direction or another runs rampant.

So this article is doubly pertinent to the whole. Mary Grabkowicz is an able writer—not to mention a skillful logician who has no opinion one way or another. She has no facts of her own but feels those available to all have not been properly evaluated. She feels the truth can be arrived at if we proceed with some semblance of intelligence.

I, A COMMITTEE of one, hereby call a court of arbitration into session to look into, and settle, if possible, the case of the people who have contacted The People, vs: the scoffers, written and verbal. In speaking of the people of the first part, they with a lower case "p" for people,

I am including all those individuals who have not only seen flying saucers, but have actually taken sojourns, short or otherwise, in any type of space craft, not manufactured by mundane earthlings.

This is the tenth anniversary of the first sighting of the illusive saucer. This is

also the year when saucerers, a name I like to use (by some simply labeled sorcerers) have decided that their group is now large enough, and sufficiently representative, to elect a President of the United States, and have led off with Mr. George Van Tassel, well known to most SF'ers, and the Elected One, so to speak, of The People.

To start the ball rolling in that direction, and get into the public eye (not unlike a cinder to a few), they are converging on many sources of authority and communication, and urging an intensive investigation of UFO.

And they will probably succeed, if not in having Mr. Van Tassel elected, or obtaining a sizable inquiry for their cause, at least in making the people (with a lower case "p" of-course, who are not yet aware of them), conscious of their presence. It is to be noted that such conservative newspapers as the *New York Times*, the *Herald-Tribune*, and the *New York World-Telegram*, have given them considerable space reporting their doings, and at times have even editorialized on the probability of the flying discs. They have continued to receive attention in spite of a whole lobby, as it were,

of the Lester del Reys, and the L. Sprague de Camps, who look upon the doings of the saucerers as the most ar-rant, irritating nonsense yet invented by mature man.

Lest the scoffers are sitting back comfortably, ready to enjoy a man-sized sneer in the feeling that the writer is with them, let me call it to their attention that the mental hospitals are singularly free of saucer sighters. We know that if we were to publicly announce that we saw some plates and napkins flying about in space, it wouldn't be long before we would be enjoying the ministering attention of certain gentlemen in white.

It wasn't so long ago that Dan Fry announced to a skeptical world that he took a transcontinental round trip flight in a saucer in thirty-two minutes flat. Only a week ago, a jet pilot zoomed across the continent in three hours, twenty-three minutes to set a new record. One hundred years ago if anyone tried to convince scientific circles that this could be done, they would not even bother to raise their eyebrows in disbelief, but say, the man's nuts, or use a more colorful vernacular expression of the times.

There are those who remem-

ber when traveling by railroad cross country considered a seven day journey quite a feat. The jet pilot accomplished this same task in about one forty-fifth of the time. Mr. Fry asks us to believe that he crossed the continent in about one-twelfth of the time consumed by the jet. When we compare the time used in these trips, Mr. Fry's alleged snapping of the sound barrier, does after all, not seem so fantastic in our own days of electronic man-made miracles.

On 1/10/46, a radar signal was hurled at the moon from Belmar, New Jersey, and returned in 2.4 seconds. Who is to say, but that some day, objects more material than radar, at least to our senses, will not approximate some kind of comparable speed? Or that we will just think of Fry as that old slow poke?

The time has come therefore, for some disinterested group, or groups, to come forward and act as arbiters, for we do have an investigative procedure which we can apply, so that part of the truth at least can be unearthed concerning the validity of statements made by saucerers. This would be more in line with scientific training, than their discrediting, or taunt-

ing them with the statement, "show me."

However, before we go into the courtroom, let us consider a few more facts.

How do generalized opinions come into being? It is probably as important to consider the nature of that, as to determine if UFO's exist. These are the days of mass communication. Word gets around pretty quickly. An individual may announce that he has made a uranium strike in Colorado, and eight thousand miles away it will be featured in the evening newspapers that same day.

If a man gets into the lime-light with enough push, and speaks with authority and persuasion, pretty soon he will have gathered followers about him, even if he says that it is better to walk around with one shoe, and carry the other one in our pockets. For in our present day of only awakening semantic development we who have nowheres in particular to go, "will follow the leader, all day long, all year long, all century long." We want to belong, and this characteristic remains irrespective of our education, background, or training. And a physicist or an engineer is a man, just like any other man, with similar emotional set-up. Incidentally,

a predominant group of the saucerers, have had mechanical and engineering training.

Ancient, medieval and modern history, and the study of the humanities have indicated that even the best minds can be corraled, and caught in a mass psychotic trance. Generally, however, during such movements, the beliefs of the mass are pretty well standardized. Thus, if one man saw a purple cow, another who was more boastful, would see two, bigger purple cows, maybe with a little calf and bull thrown in. But they would still see purple cows, not unicorns or dragons. Now, in the case of the saucerers, one sees The Intelligences as having thirty eyes ringed around their heads, and levitating themselves from place to place; the other sees them as The People, who are just like you or I, but better looking, with hair whisper soft, and golden like the sun, wearing jaunty berets.

Incidentally, one might ask, what did nature have in mind when she supplied thirty-two eyes to creatures who were so far advanced, that they could locomote by levitation, and did not have the need of special appendage-like legs for this purpose. According to our

accumulated knowledge we surmise that only the least evolved creatures, living in a most hostile environment, are supplied with an abundance of eyes because of the constant necessity of being watchful, or being destroyed. Now, what do The People need with so many eyes, when they are peace loving and brotherly? And furthermore, why can't they see without eyes, when they can walk without legs? We could throw our hands up in despair, and lament—shades of the modern fairy tale!

We could do all that. But in that case, we would be repeating the same mistake we have been making since the recording of history—the mistake of forming judgment before we are aware of all the facts; facts of which we may not even have an inkling at this time. An open mind therefore, is an absolute necessity, just so long as it isn't so open, that its full of holes.

Before going into a scientific method of investigation, let us step aside for a moment, and throw a question into the lap of the reader. Now, the skies are the natural habitat of our feathered friends, are they not? Could not some of the UFO's be birds which we have never seen, who have

been dislodged from remote domains by the atom bomb? Everything else has been blamed on the bomb, why not this?

Or maybe the birds are motivated by an explorative urge, just as we are, and are trying to delve into space?

We know that fishes are shaped by nature in all forms, from disc-like objects, to furry strings, to translucent creatures, etc., why not birds? Perhaps there are some disc-like whirly birds, whom we have not yet met socially. I make this statement of course, with my tongue in cheek (I think).

Recently the writer spent a hot afternoon on the roof, and for nothing better to do, I watched the planes as they droned by almost with the regularity of street buses. As a plane flew off in the distance, it looked more and more like a bird with its wings spread in flight, and from a really great distance it was hard to distinguish whether it actually was a bird or plane. Amongst the craft were included quite a number of helicopters. The support of this aircraft is derived from the reaction of a stream of air driven downward by propellers revolving around a vertical axis. Mark this: a vertical

axis. This is a means of flight. The birds were in the air before us. Could they have preceded us in evolving a means of air locomotion which we have now gotten around to copying prior to having met them.

But to return to the Dan Frys, and the George Van Tassels. It has been said that the burden of proof is on the discoverers. That is neither reasonable, nor fair. If, on a journey to France, I saw a strange-looking fish, or Ann Blyth type of mermaid cavorting in the seas, no one in his right mind would call me a liar if I was unable to give a perfect description of the species, or hand them a souvenir specimen. One doesn't go around with a camera slung over his shoulder, or a net, or is a Charles Van Doren. Except in the case of the mermaid, the burden of proof would not be on me, but interested scientific circles would scamper over one another to be the first to reach the scene, or lay in wait for another of these denizens to show themselves.

Why should we not treat saucerers in the same fashion? They deserve this courtesy, which is very little reward, unless of course, we believe that they are downright

insane, or out to make a fast buck.

"There is a principle which is a bar against information, which is proof against argument, and which cannot fail to keep a man in everlasting poverty and ignorance. That principle is "condemnation prior to investigation."¹ It is my belief that condemnation is not so much a matter of disbelief, as it is the product of a I-don't-want-to-be-mentally-bothered attitude, with the necessity of having to do something about it, once the truth is unearthed. Can we count all the thousands who have gone to their death, their dreams buried with them, because of our mental inertia. We weep at the bier of a man, but not at the shattered products of his mind. As Shakespeare said, we shed our tears into the sea, but not on the dry land where it would do some good.

At one time we kept the mental pioneer quiet by refined tortures, today, we use the less refined one of ridicule.

I think that we have had enough of trial by fury, of branding and labeling without adequate reasons. I also think that investigation can be begun at once, according to one

of our present levels knowledge.

After all, flying platters, are nothing unheard of. There is the case of a German engineer, who, thirty years or so ago, devised a round flying machine, which from a distance could appear like a saucer. Adding that to the principle of the helicopter, to the "miracles" of electronics, to the principles of the jet with the extreme reduction in flying time over distance covered, and the flying saucer doesn't seem so strange, in the real meaning of the word. Naturally, too, if it does exist, what would be strange, is to photograph it, since the object would be gone even before the reflex action of snapping the shutter on a camera could take place. As for the era of manless aircraft, that is almost upon us, what with the guided missile, to be followed almost with a certainty, by the manless guided plane that will hop cherrily across the country with its cargo or passengers. Maybe we will have to wait a few years, but it is in the realm of things to come.

What if Mr. Van Tassel, or Mr. Fry, or other well known saucerers were to throw the gauntlet in the face of the

1. Herbert Spencer

scoffers, and say: I am ready to show you my sincerity; I will come forward and take a lie detector test, not for personal vindication, but for the many thousand who loyally believe in what I have said, and as a result, they, their wives, and children, have been called psychotics, crackpots, liars, and purveyors of the old bunko game in modern trappings. What if these gentlemen were to say, I will help them, because to them such help is an absolute necessity.

But far, and beyond all other considerations, if we are to believe that the country that controls space, will indeed, control the world, flying saucers, if fact, and not fiction, are a matter as serious as any that face us today.

The leaders of the movement are in a position to wrap the cloak of respectability about their followers. It does not require any courage to tell the truth, if one knows, that after verification this truth will be accepted. Nor does it require persuasion or appeal. It might be argued, of course, by those who doubt the accuracy of the lie detector test, because if one actually believed in what he said, it would show up as the truth, whether or not it was so. The

test, therefore, would be said to indicate sincerity only, irrespective of whether or not it was also factual. Be it as it may, it should be borne in mind that this form of interrogation is in use in police agencies, and that the police are anything but nebulous when it comes to digging for facts.

The test could be performed by an experienced analyst of a hospital, university or police agency, who has had no prior opinions for or against saucers.

Test number two: This is strong stuff, but is probably even a more definite method of sifting the truth from story telling. If individuals, who have had enough courage to announce that they have taken trips in space craft, asked that they be hypnotized, and put into a deep trance by a psychiatrist of undisputed reputation, they could be questioned. None with any understanding of psychiatry could say that they were faking while in this trance.

Come forward, therefore, all you pioneers, and in a painless and jet propelled fashion, help to clear up the muddled morass of thinking.

May the truth win.

The committee of one is hereby dissolved. **THE END**

THE AIR FORCE STORY

[In response to a request by the Editor of *Amazing Stories* the following permission to print was granted.]

Dear Mr. Fairman:

The Air Force certainly has no objection to your publishing the reports furnished by Captain O'Connor. I feel they will help the undecided intelligent reader to reach a decision in the matter of U.F.O.'s

I will be looking forward to your special issue on the subject.

Sincerely,

(Signed) ROBERT F. SPENCE,
Major, USAF
Deputy Chief, Operations Branch
Public Information Division
Office of Information Services

FIRST REPORT

THE Air Force feels a very definite obligation to identify and analyze things that happen in the air that may have in them menace to the United States and, because of that feeling of obligation and pursuit of that interest, the Air Force established an activity known as the Unidenti-

fied Flying Object Program.

This program was established in 1947 when unidentified flying objects were being reported in various parts of the United States. The reports of sightings reached a peak of 1,700 in 1952 and dropped to a total of 429 in 1953.

From a survey of the vol-

ume of sightings received by the Air Force, it has been determined that over 80 percent are explainable as being known objects. Generally, sighted objects fall in the category of: balloons, aircraft, astronomical bodies, atmospheric reflections, and birds. All reports of unidentified flying objects result from either radar or visual sightings.

Explanations pertaining to sightings reported from military and civilian radar facilities are as follows:

1. Temperature inversion reflections can give a return on a radar scope that is as sharp as that received from an aircraft. Speeds of these returns reportedly range from zero to fantastic rates. The "objects" also appear to move in all directions. Such sightings have resulted in many fruitless intercept efforts.

To possibly bear out the theory of temperature inversion reflection is an incident which occurred in January, 1951 near Oakridge, Tennessee. Two Air Force aircraft attempted to intercept an unidentified "object" and actually established a radar "lock" on the object. Their altitude at the time was 7,000 feet. The unidentified object, according to their radar, appeared to be at an elevation of

10 to 25 degrees from this altitude. Three passes were made in an attempt to close on the object. In each instance the pilots reported that their radar led them first upward and then down toward a specific point on the ground. (One scientific theory holds that light can be similarly reflected from a layer of warm air above the earth. If this proves to be correct, many visual night sightings could be accounted for.)

2. Ionized clouds have caused some unidentified radar returns. Thunderstorms are identifiable by radar and radar returns have also been received from ice formations in the air, balloons, ground reflections, frequency interference between other radar stations, and windborn objects. Obviously, such returns are very difficult to identify, especially when they occur during darkness.

3. The radar screen has picked up birds and in one case a flock of ducks. Flight interceptions proved these phenomena.

An explanation of known types of visual sightings are as follows:

1. Present-day jet aircraft, flying at great speeds and high altitudes, are often mistaken for unknown objects by the

untrained observer. Sunlight reflections from the polished surfaces of aircraft can be seen plainly even when the aircraft itself is too distant to be visible. The exhaust of jet aircraft emits a trail and often this is seen rather than the aircraft itself.

2. Weather balloons account for a substantial number of sightings. These balloons, sent to altitudes of 40,000 feet and higher, are launched from virtually every airfield in the country. They are made of rubber or polyethylene, swell as they gain altitude, have very good reflective qualities, carry small lights when launched after dark, and can be seen at very high altitudes.

3. In addition to the ordinary weather balloon, huge 90-foot balloons, which sometimes drift from coast to coast, are used for upper air research. These balloons also have a highly reflective surface and are visible at extreme altitudes.

4. Often, unusually bright meteors and planets will cause a flurry of reports, sometimes from relatively experienced observers. At certain times of the year, Venus, for instance, is low on the horizon and will appear to change color and move erratically due to hazy atmospheric conditions. Since

the stars are charted and most of their characteristics known, many cases are traced to them. Meteors on the other hand are of rapid single-direction movement and are only visible for a few seconds. Meteor activity is more common at certain times of the year than others, and reports of UFO's have shown a tendency to increase during these periods.

5. Some cases arise which, on the basis of information received, are of a weird and peculiar nature. The objects display erratic movements and phenomenal speeds. Since maneuvers and speeds of this kind cannot be traced directly to aircraft, balloons, or known astronomical sources, it is believed that they are reflections from objects rather than being objects themselves. For example: suppose we would hold a mirror in hand under a light, causing a reflection on the ceiling. Only a slight, quick movement of the hand would result in erratic movements and phenomenal speeds of the reflected beam. Reflections may be projected to clouds and haze both from the ground and air. Many things which are common to the sky have highly reflective qualities, such as balloons, aircraft, and clouds. Accurate speeds are also difficult to determine

due to the inability of the reporter to judge distance, angles, and time.

6. Brilliant flashing lights that sometimes appear red and white in color have been reported by observers. This type has been traced to a new lighting system of commercial airlines and military aircraft. Atop the tail section of these aircraft highly reflective red and white flasher type lights have been installed and are many times misinterpreted by the ground observer.

In the analysis and investigation of the radar and visual sightings described, there are some yardsticks which have been established from experience and trends to measure and attempt to determine the source of UFO's. Some of these are general in nature and are subject to change as new scientific and factual information is received. It should be remembered that any object viewed from a great distance appears to be round. Nearly all the sightings reported are described as round and would tend to indicate that most of the objects are at a greater distance from the observer than is generally estimated.

Another misconception centers about photographs of unidentified flying objects. At

best the majority of photographs have proven non-conclusive as evidence of this program mainly due to type cameras used. Also, it might be mentioned that because still photographs can be so easily faked, either by using a mock-up or model against a legitimate background, or by retouching the negative, they are worthless as evidence. Innumerable objects, from ashtrays to wash basins, have been photographed while sailing through the air. Many such photos have been published without revealing the true identity of the objects.

More attention is given to moving pictures of unidentified flying objects since they are more difficult to retouch. However, only a very few movie-type films have been received by the Air Force and they reveal only pinpoints of light moving across the sky. The Air Force has been unable to identify the source of these lights because the images are too small to analyze properly. Since ownership of these films remains with the persons taking them, the Air Force is not in a position to give them out.

The difficulty of evaluating reports of all types is based largely upon the lack of basic data surrounding the sight-

ings. The drop in sightings during 1953 is largely due to the increased accuracy and the completeness of reports being received. To be of value, a report should include such basic data as size, shape, composition, speed, altitude, direction, and the maneuver pattern of the objects. Without such information, it is impossible to establish the identity of the object sighted. In addition, a recent study has shown a direct correlation between the number of sightings reported and the publicity given to "saucers" by the nation's press.

The Air Force took a further step in early 1953 by procuring Videon cameras for the purpose of photographing this phenomenon. These cameras were distributed to various military installations. This type camera has two lenses, one of which takes an ordinary photograph, and the other has a diffraction grating which separates light into its component parts. This aids in determining the composition of the object photographed. A small number of photographs have been received from this camera; however, only light spots of no detail have been indicated in the photos to date. As more photographs are taken by

these observers, it is believed that a great deal of the mystery will be lifted from the program.

The Air Force would like to state that no evidence has been received which would tend to indicate that the United States is being observed by machines from outer space or a foreign government. No object or particle of an unknown substance has been received and no photographs of detail have been produced. The photographs on hand are, at best, only large and small blobs of light which, in most cases, are explainable phenomena.

It may be concluded from the above and from past experience that no new significant trends have developed out of these cases. There was an increase in public interest which occurred simultaneously with the publication of various books and articles on the subject; however, this trend has been noted several times previously.

In order to overcome the lack of basic data, and to standardize all reports, a detailed questionnaire is now submitted to each person reporting an unidentified aerial object. It is felt that the information thus obtained will

lower still more the number of unexplained sightings.

For observers who wish to report unidentified aerial objects, the Air Force would welcome the information. Attached to this report is a brief basic summary form. It would

be appreciated if observers would send the completed form to the nearest Air Force base.

If and when new developments turn up in this program, the Air Force will keep the public informed.

PLEASE SEND TO YOUR NEAREST AIR FORCE BASE

DATE: _____

TIME OF SIGHTING: _____

SIZE: _____

SHAPE: _____

COMPOSITION: _____

SPEED: _____

ALTITUDE: _____

DIRECTION OF TRAVEL: _____

MANEUVER PATTERN: _____

COLOR: _____

SOUND: _____

LENGTH OF TIME OBSERVED: _____

SKY CONDITIONS: _____

VISIBILITY: _____

GROUND DIRECTION OF WIND: _____

NAME, AGE, MAILING ADDRESS OF OBSERVER: _____

REMARKS: (general description of what you saw) (use back if necessary) _____

SECOND REPORT

THE results of an investigation begun by the Air Force in 1947 into the field of Unidentified Aerial Objects (so-called flying saucers) were released by the Air Force today.

No evidence of the existence of the popularly-termed "flying saucers" was found.

The report was based on study and analysis by a private scientific group under the supervision of the Air Technical Intelligence Center at Dayton, Ohio. Since the investigation of the investigation more than seven years ago, methods and procedures have been so refined that of the 131 sightings reported during the first four months of 1955 only three per cent were listed as unknown. (A summary of the report is attached.)

Commenting on this report, Secretary of the Air Force Donald A. Quarles said: "On the basis of this study we believe that no objects such as those popularly described as flying saucers have overflowed the United States. I feel certain that even the unknown three per cent could have been explained as conventional phenomena or illusions if more complete ob-

servational data had been available.

"However, we are now entering a period of aviation technology in which aircraft of unusual configuration and flight characteristics will begin to appear.

"The Air Force and the other Armed Services have under development several vertical-rising, high performance aircraft, and as early as last year a propeller driven vertical-rising aircraft was flown. The Air Force will fly the first jet-powered vertical-rising airplane in a matter of days. We have another project under contract with AVRO Ltd., of Canada, which could result in disc-shaped aircraft somewhat similar to the popular concept of a flying saucer. An available picture, while only an artists' conception, could illustrate such an object. (Photograph is available at Pictorial Branch, Room 2D780, Ext. 75331).

"While some of these may take novel forms, such as the AVRO project, they are direct-line descendants of conventional aircraft and should not be regarded as supra-natural or mysterious. We expect to develop airplanes that will fly faster, higher and perhaps

farther than present designs, but they will still obey natural laws and if manned, they will still be manned by normal terrestrial airmen. Other than reducing runaway requirements we do not expect vertical-rising aircraft to have more outstanding military characteristics than conventional types.

"Vertical - rising aircraft capable of transition to supersonic horizontal flight will be a new phenomenon in our skies, and under certain conditions could give the illusion of the so-called flying saucer. The Department of Defense will make every effort within bounds of security to keep the public informed of these developments so they can be recognized for what they are."

Mr. Quarles added: "I think we must recognize that other countries also have the capability of developing vertical-rising aircraft, perhaps of unconventional shapes. However we are satisfied at this time that none of the sightings of so-called 'flying saucers' reported in this country were in fact aircraft of foreign origin."

SUMMARY

(Analysis Of Reports Of Unidentified Aerial Objects)

Reports of unidentified aer-

ial objects (popularly termed "flying saucers" or "flying discs") have been received by the U. S. Air Force since mid-1947 from many and diverse sources. Although there was no evidence that the unexplained reports of unidentified objects constituted a threat to the security of the United States, the Air Force determined that all reports of unidentified aerial objects should be investigated and evaluated to determine if "flying saucers" represented technological developments not known to this country at the present time.

In order to discover any pertinent trend or pattern inherent in the data, and to evaluate or explain any trend or pattern found, appropriate methods of reducing these data from reports of unidentified aerial objects to a form amenable to scientific appraisal were employed. In general, the original data upon which this study was based consisted of impressions and interpretations of apparently unexplainable events, and seldom contained reliable measurements of physical attributes. This subjectivity of the data presented a major limitation to the drawing of significant conclusions, but did not invalidate the applica-

tion of scientific methods of study.

The reports received by the U. S. Air Force on unidentified aerial objects were reduced to IBM punched-card abstracts of data by means of logically developed forms and standardized evaluation procedures. Evaluation of sighting reports, a crucial step in the preparation of the data for statistical treatment, consisted of an appraisal of the reports and the subsequent categorization of the object or objects described in each report. A detailed description of this phase of the study stresses the careful attempt to maintain complete objectivity and consistency.

Analysis of the refined and evaluated data derived from the original reports of sightings consisted of (1) a systematic attempt to ferret out any distinguishing characteristics inherent in the data of any of their segments, (2) a concentrated study of any trend or pattern found, and (3) an attempt to determine the probability that any of the UNKNOWNNS represent observations of technological developments not known to this country.

The first step in the analysis of the data revealed the existence of certain apparent

similarities between cases of objects definitely identified and those not identified. Statistical methods of testing when applied indicated a low probability that these apparent similarities were significant. An attempt to determine the probability that any of the UNKNOWNNS represented observations of technological developments not known to this country necessitated a thorough re-examination and re-evaluation of the cases of objects not originally identified; this led to the conclusion that this probability was very small.

The special study which resulted in this report (Analysis of Reports of Unidentified Aerial Objects, 5 May 1955) started in 1953. To provide the study group with a complete set of files, the information cut-off date was established as of the end of 1952. It will accordingly be noted that the statistics contained in all charts and tables in this report are terminated with the year 1952. In these charts, 3201 cases have been used.

As the study progressed, a constant program was maintained for the purpose of making comparisons between the current cases received after 1 January 1953, and those being used for the report. This was

done in order that any change or significant trend which might arise from current developments could be incorporated in the summary of this report.

The 1953 and 1954 cases show a general and expected trend of increasing percentages in the finally identified categories. They also show decreasing percentages in categories where there was insufficient information and those where the phenomena could not be explained. This trend had been anticipated in the light of improved reporting and investigating procedures.

Official reports on hand at the end of 1954 totaled 4834. Of these, 425 were produced in 1953 and 429 in 1954. These 1953 and 1954 individual reports (a total of 854), were evaluated on the same basis as were those received before the end of 1952. The results are as follows:

Balloons	16 per cent
Aircraft	20 per cent
Astronomical	25 per cent
Other	13 per cent
Insufficient Information	17 per cent
Unknown	9 per cent

As the study of the current cases progressed, it became increasingly obvious that if reporting and investigating pro-

cedures could be further improved, the percentages of those cases which contained insufficient information and those remaining unexplained would be greatly reduced. The key to a higher percentage of solutions appeared to be in rapid "on the spot" investigations by trained personnel. On the basis of this, a revised program was established by Air Force Regulation 200-2, Subject: "Unidentified Flying Objects Reporting" (Short Title: UFOB), dated 12 August 1954.

This new program, which had begun to show marked results before January 1955, provided primarily that the 4602d Air Intelligence Service Squadron (Air Defense Command) would carry out all field investigations. This squadron has sufficient units and is so deployed as to be able to arrive "on the spot" within a very short time after a report is received. After treatment by the 4602d Air Intelligence Service Squadron, all information is supplied to the Air Technical Intelligence Center for final evaluation. This cooperative program has resulted, since 1 January 1955, in reducing the insufficient information cases to seven percent and the unknown cases to

three percent of all the totals.

The period 1 January 1955 to 5 May 1955 accounted for 131 unidentified aerial object reports received. Evaluation percentages of these are as follows:

Balloons	26 per cent
Aircraft	21 per cent
Astronomical	23 per cent
Other	20 per cent
Insufficient Infor- mation	7 per cent
Unknown	3 per cent

All available data were included in this study which was prepared by a panel of scientists both in and out of the Air Force. On the basis of this study it is believed that all the unidentified aerial objects could have been explained if more complete observational data had been available. Insofar as the reported aerial objects which still remained unexplained are

concerned, there exists little information other than the impressions and interpretations of their observers. As these impressions and interpretations have been replaced by the use of improved methods of investigation and reporting, and by scientific analysis, the number of unexplained cases has decreased rapidly towards the vanishing point.

Therefore, on the basis of this evaluation of the information, it is considered to be highly improbable that reports of unidentified aerial objects examined in this study represent observations of technological developments outside of the range of present-day scientific knowledge. It is emphasized that there has been a complete lack of any valid evidence of physical matter in any case of a reported unidentified aerial object.

THE END



Only 50 miles skyward, a 70 degree temperature (on the earth's surface) will drop down to minus 150 degrees, and climb all the way up to about 3,500 degrees 250 miles away from the earth.



WE NEED NOT FEAR THE ALIENS

By REV. NEAL HARVEY

Almost every aspect of the U.F.O. problem has been explored and reexplored except the spiritual aspect. Whether this neglect bears any significance is an aspect in itself. In an effort to get a new viewpoint, we contacted Reverend Neal Harvey, world traveler, explorer, author, and theologian. His comments certainly open a startling new channel for consideration and may well stimulate important reappraisals of our world-situation.

ONLY TODAY I read that a government radar set had tracked four objects flying at 3600 miles per hour over California. I know that many people will be disturbed by this. Many of my own congregation already are.

The evidence that flying saucers exist is accumulating

so that we can no longer ignore it or call it a freak of nature. These objects are not things we have created. We know they exist and we must assume that they come from outer space. We must accept the realities of life as we know it today, and live with them.

In my work as a minister

I strive to keep in touch with the things which go on each day—to keep in touch with the realities so that I can try to help my people with their problems. They have fears. We are all beset with them and it is very difficult for us to have faith today. I cannot withdraw into mystic realms of contemplation for my congregation have very real needs to which I must, with God's help answer. Many of them are frightened by the flying saucers.

It is growing more and more difficult to keep our faith in God in the face of the Atomic Age. The flying saucers have caused many of the people to come to me with their fears about them. I do not know what these objects are but I do know that they are not harmful or hostile in their intent.

The thing we must remember is that God is love. And since this is so and since He created the universe He wants life to love life. In His universe we are but tiny things. Perhaps our whole world is as an atom in a mote of dust floating in a shaft of sunlight in relation to that awesome universe. But God says, "—Be not afraid . . . for the Lord thy God is with

thee, . . ." and we must have faith and fear not. I can only help those who fear the saucers if they can have faith. God created the universe and all life in it. He loves that life and wants it to love itself and not be hostile to itself.

If we had been less hostile and more loving of life in all its forms, but especially in the form of our fellows, we would have progressed much further in the achievement of space travel. From the beginnings of man we have been hostile and power-seeking for what we called security. We have fought and tried to conquer each other. We bred hate instead of love with our conquests. Even now our thoughts have been largely directed to the use of atomic power for defense and security and self gain in this sense, so that we are against ourselves in that all men are ourselves.

The very fact that we have thought in terms of using atomic energy for war has kept us from using the talent and brains of those men who create this energy, turning it to more useful and peaceful ways. If we had used their talents toward space travel or for the benefit of man instead of in a destructive way, who can say that we might not have been to another

planet and back by now? We waste our energies and talents in hostility and "security" and dissipate our love for each other in so doing. I live through your living as you do mine and what I have to give of love is yours for the taking just as yours is for me.

Our great need is love and we are unable to have enough faith in it to accept it when we are offered it. We more often than not don't even recognize it but think it is a fake love being offered us for some ulterior purpose. "What is he wanting now," is usually our reaction to an offer of any kind, and especially between nations today.

This is our sin and our defeat.

Our very life is choked by it. We are thus living in the past and not the moment. As Lot's wife was turned to salt for looking backward so are we just as symbolically frozen with fear of pain or death when we approach the unknown with the past as a rule book. *There are no rules.* And though this may seem insane to some, it is the rule-bound person who can not move and who must escape into a world of complete unreality and fantasy which is truly insanity.

To experience the moment with all our feelings is terribly difficult but we can return to what we once knew how to do and have forgotten. Children have this ability to experience the feelings of the moment and to know pain or joy as it comes to them and have faith in their feelings. As we grow older we lose this ability until we forget who and what we are. It is the faith of our feelings which is lost and thus our faith in God, ourselves, and our own kind. We are no longer able to trust one another or believe in our good will. This is our most tragic loss and cuts us off from each other until we seem to live in a glass box through which we can see but not communicate with each other, no matter how loud we may shout.

This is the dreadful aloneness we feel in ourselves today and there are constant complaints about it from people everywhere yet no one seems to understand why. The answer is very simple, so simple in face that it is very difficult to achieve.

It is to love one another.

But this is far from easy. It involves seeing and knowing each other for what we are and accepting what we

find without demanding that we fit some old rule which no longer has validity today. Each moment forms us anew and no rules hold because a rule for the old is dead and static and each moment is a new one. It involves seeing the difference in each other and taking pleasure in it as simply as one might take pleasure in the difference in each snowflake for no two are alike and neither are we.

It means letting go our fears and material desires and our wish to be secure in them and in the security of power and the rule books. This is not easy and creates an anxiety that is dreadfully hard to bear at first. But if one can dare to face this anxiety, realizing that it is the result of being free for the first time and that freedom holds no security in our ordinary terms, the anxiety gradually lessens and faith is born.

When the Oriental philosopher said to go to the center of the flame to escape the heat of suffering, he merely meant to open up ourselves and cease to resist its source and recognize it for what it was, to experience it without fighting it. This resistance, which comes from the wish to go by the past made rules, causes the

anguish but when we cease to resist and truly experience the moment as it is, peace comes to us and the suffering and fear lessen until finally we feel them no more.

Then our faith is restored and we can experience each moment as it comes and know fully and truly who and what we are. When we know this, fear is gone along with our external rules and demands to be secure, strong and powerful, hostile and mistrustful. We can meet each new experience with the faith we need and know that we can feel whatever comes with the strength and joy of living. We can trust each other and love one another for what we are and most of all, love ourselves and life from any source in the universe. We cease to be isolated and alone.

To be secure in ordinary terms is to have no fear of the future or the past because of some material or external thing, but to be secure in the terms of faith is to let go of these externals and find the internal security of experiencing life.

We are never the same from moment to moment and to catch one moment and call it life is like catching a zoological specimen and preserving it. You are left with the

form of life but there is no life left in it, it is dead and motionless. Most of our lives have become dead. Even though motion remains it moves according to a rigid set pattern which has only the form but no life. For life is ever changing and disintegrating and forming anew. Life can not be held and preserved or it becomes dead. The only way life can be of any value is to experience it moment by moment and to apply no rules of the past to it, to accept the moment for what it is and this includes the pain as well as the joy and to know these moments as deeply and feelingfully as it is possible for us to do.

Let us suppose a man comes to me with his fears of the future and more specifically the future which must include flying saucers. If I tell him to experience that fear, he will say that is what he is telling me about. But that is precisely the point, he is telling *about* his fear and he is not truly experiencing them; if he were he would forget his "self" as separated from his fears and not be divided from that experiencing. When finally he learns that this division against himself is merely his trying to escape those fears—

to find a way out—and that there is no escape, but that they, those fears, are the reality of the moment, then he will relax and cease to be divided and the fear will go out of him and faith will take its place.

The flying saucers may simply be another step in the evolvment of life in the universe. The evolvment of life is God's manner of creation. We must open up to this evolvment and not resist life for that is destructive to life and hindering to growth and thus life itself. It is hostile to life and from this hostility come all our pain and none of our joy.

We came from outer space ourselves and though we have no memory of it, we are composed of the elements of that universe God created. Who can say from what ancient pole, from what far antipode the softly shifting stardust came. From what nor where the atoms came to form the cells thus flung cleaving together in rhythmic surges of ecstasy to become one, then two. And with surging speed of joyous growth become countless as the stardust itself to be expelled in spasmodic thrust with lusty shouts of terror and cries of pain from the dark and floating

warmth into outer cold and troubled fury to light and sensing and being, to become one again, unlike any other.

And who knows what vast cosmic force created the star-dust to form these wondrous creatures, this race of man. Nor how came life within them making each his own self, each different yet destined for a specific one among the teeming dust of the universe that they should create again the miracle of life for themselves.

This was God's way of forming us and the universe we exist in. Who knows where in that universe we stand or what our destiny shall be. We exist in such small ticks of time and it is so vast that we, as we are, shall never know. And our only means of glimpsing any part of it is to open the gates of our being to experiencing in miniscule, the part of it that is given us. This part though small in the vast schemes of things, is enough, for we are not evolved enough to experience more than a fragment of it. The infinite depths of ourselves is a constant wonder and amazement to us when we being to know love and truly experience the facets of ourselves, one and another.

Each man is different from

every other man and when the barriers are broken down through experiencing and opening up to each other without fear of pain the world within each is so fast as to seem another universe.

Communication begins between men with the sensing and experiencing of life and then the sense of being cut off starts to fade and the glass cage shatters and we are no longer alone nor lonely.

It is only when we retreat from each other in fear of pain or through mistrust or conquest that the glass cage again forms and the division within us comes to make us frantic at our loss of faith.

When we can take the moment for whatever it brings and clasp it to us with anticipation, no matter what it contains, and feel the true experiencing of that moment with a wholeness of being, then faith is in us and we know what life is.

It is when we go against the stream of life that we are destructive of ourselves and our fellow man. It seems that man has spent the greater portion of his history going against this stream through his ignorance and wish for "security" which was only apparent. Our wars have been

against this stream and used our resources both material and spiritual. We have dissipated our inner selves because we did not know that self existed or had forgotten it somewhere in the furor we had created.

We became dead to the sound of our souls speaking so softly in the fury of the days we had created to build power and security. It is a sad commentary on our state of inner faith that we must have an imagined threat such as the flying saucers to make us turn to God and seek our faith once more.

The fear of the unknown is with us still and we shall have to learn anew to experience the moment. To open up to it and accept life in all its newness and wonder. Remembered things are static and only the *now* is ever alive.

Each moment we are thrust into the unknown as a child is thrust through birth into the world and it can only be our trust in God and our faith which takes us from moment to moment with joy and aliveness. Time will pass and no one can stop it, thus we are thrust into a new moment regardless of all our precautions and securities. Those who resist fail to see the excitement

and wondrous beauty of each moment as it exists in reality and do not receive the sense of life and rhythm that goes with the experiencing of it. It is such a waste and such a dreadful loss to each of us who are unable to receive life fully and have the faith it takes to receive this beautiful gift from God.

The flying saucers may well be such a gift. Certainly we not fear them for God loves the life he has created and if we need proof we can remember that he promised Noah that he would never destroy that life again. Thus it is clear that he would never give to any form of life which would use such forces against life, the knowledge to create that force.

The flying saucers can not be any threat to us because God would certainly not allow any form of life the power of space travel if their intent were hostile to other life, particularly when such force necessary for such travel could so easily destroy this life.

Very likely the beings inside the saucers are long beyond wars and we are simply making the flying saucers into symbols of our own terrors of the unknown. Have faith!

THE END



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